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LIFE AND BATTLES OF JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPAREIL.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country, in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Prize-Ring (1818) does not boast of a more accomplished boxer than RANDALL; nor of any pugilist who, in so short a period, has made greater progress towards arriving at the top of the tree than he has done.

The "Prime Irish Lad," so denominated in the sporting world, it appears, is not a native of Ireland, but who has acquired the above appellation, in consequence of both his parents being Irish. Randall was born on the 25th of November, 1794, in the neighbourhood of St. Giles, near the brewhouse; and among the "gay boys" of that lively part of the metropolis, his skirmishes have been numerous indeed.

The Archery-ground, in the Long Fields, near Russell-square, was the principal scene of action in which our hero exhibited when a mere stripling. Young "Snuff," well known in the boxing circles, was conquered *three times* by Randall in the above place; and, at the age of fourteen, he also fought a man of the name of Leonard in this ground, who was a stone heavier than himself, for three-quarters of an hour. Leonard was, at length, so terribly punished, from the activity of Jack's arms, that he was obliged to be led off the field.

Size or weight, it seems, never operated as any drawback to the exertions of Randall; and possessing courage of the first order, his pluck rose superior to the obstacles he had to encounter, and like another Nelson, he never thought of any thing but victory. Jack was unavoidably engaged in Mary-le-bone-lane, with a man of the name of Henshaw; the latter was not only taller, but had the advantage of three stone in weight. Twenty-five minutes of hard fighting had occurred, when the friends of both parties interfered and made a drawn battle of it. Notwithstanding the great disparagement between the combatants, from the superior style of fighting displayed by Randall, it was thought he must, ultimately, have proved the conqueror.

One Murphy, an Irish labourer, a most powerful athletic young man, attacked Randall in Bainbridge-street, St. Giles. The latter, not dismayed by his giant-like appearance, milled Murphy very severely in the course of a fewrounds, but fearing the consequences likely to ensue from a general row, our hero was compelled to desist, and rest satisfied with the punishment he had so very liberally bestowed upon his over-grown opponent.

Since the period of Bill Ryan and Jack O'Donnell, the Irish amateurs have not had a champion to take the lead in the prize-ring, till the appearance of Jack Randall; and under the patronage of the gallant Col. Barton, the sons of Hibernia, it seems, although Donnelly, the hero of Ireland, appeared somewhat shy on hazarding his laurals on British ground, are nevertheless determined, if possible, to make as high a stand in the pugilistic circles as when the renowned and fearless Peter Corcoran took the lead.

Of Randall, it has been observed that he is the architect of his own fame—he is a pugilist from nature, perfectly self-taught—and is not indebted to any professor for a single lesson towards improving his knowledge of the art of self-defence. He is in height 5 feet 6 inches, and weighing about 10 stone 6 lb. His appearance when stripped indicates great bodily strength; his shoulders athletic, but rather inclined to be roundish, and his frame altogether capable of great exertion, very compact, and which might be urged to partake of *multum in parvo*. Randall is a complete *rara avis* in the ring, but does not appear to use any *finesse*. His position is erect, and natural fighting is his *forte*. His look-out in battle is equal to any admiral upon the station, and he turns the neglect of his adversary to account with the utmost promptness and judgment. He is a most excellent judge of his distances, and floors his opponent with tremendous severity. His *one-two* are put in with the sharpness of lightning, but he appears most partial to the use of his left hand. As a fibber, he has no superior: and, in struggling to obtain the throw, the strength he has generally exhibited over his adversaries in this respect, has astonished every spectator. On his legs he is wonderful, and he gets over the ground with all the agility of a dancing-master; but notwithstanding these rare requisites towards victory, he does not trifle with any of them, but fights with the greatest caution. He leaves nothing to chance. In the heat of battle he is cool to a degree; but his most prominent feature of a fighting man is in retiring from all his contests without scarcely exhibiting a *scratch!*

The first battle of any note in which Randall was noticed by some amateurs, was with Jack, the Butcher, in the Prince Regent's Park, Mary-le-bone. It originated in a dispute respecting some improper conduct in a fight, in which the above heroes had acted in the capacity of seconds, and being a point of honour, it was decided instantly upon the spot. In the course of twenty minutes the butcher was so completely served out, that Randall was declared the conqueror.

Our hero, it seems, now aspired to obtain higher honours among the pugilistic corps, and in the same ring in which Scroggins and Eales had contended, at Coombe-wood, on August 26, 1815, he made his debut with Walton, denominated the Twickenham Youth, for a purse of five guineas. Randall astonished the amateurs with the gaity of his style, and the decisive action he exhibited. Paddington Jones and White were his seconds upon this occasion; and in the short space of ten minutes the Twickenham Youth, who in other battles had shown some talents for milling, was in the hands of Randall so peppered that he now left the ring without the slightest chance of winning.

After Carter and Robinson had exhibited at Moulsey-Hurst the first time, Wednesday, April 24, 1816, Randall entered the ring with George Dodd, for a purse of five guineas. It was a well-contested battle, and twenty-five minutes had elapsed before victory was decided in favour of our hero. West-country Dick and Clark were his seconds.

On Wednesday, May 28, 1816, at Coombe-wood, Randall entered the lists with a Jew, denominated "Ugly Borrock," for a subscription purse collected on the ground, of ten guineas, towards producing a second fight. The amateurs were completely astonished at the milling capabilities displayed by Randall upon the above occasion, more especially from his condition, which, in point of look, appeared so meagre and lank, that an opinion was generally entertained that Young Paddy must, in the course of a few minutes, be compelled to quit the ring from the severe punishment he was likely to receive from the hands of this determined Israelite. But so unexpectedly and different was the result, that Borrock, "ugly" as his index hitherto had been urged to be, was now, owing to the sudden painting it had undergone from this expert change of faces, not only rendered more "unlikely," but it was so metamorphosed as scarcely to be recognized by his most intimate friends. The decisive qualities of Randall were so conspicious to every one present, from his quick disposal of Borrock, as to demand the unqualified praise of the best judges of scientific pugilism.

Randall did not give the Jew a single chance throughout the fight—he one-two'd him with all the celerity of the sweeps of a windmill in full swing, and floored Borrock in almost every round, with the most perfect *non-chalance* ever witnessed. This milling performance, so scientific and effective in its conclusion, strongly brought to the recollection of the spectators the once distinguished Jack O'Donnell, and the superior talents of that boxer from Paddy's land, seemed about to be revived in the person of Jack Randall. The above battle only lasted about twelve minutes; and Randall was seconded by Tom Oliver and Clark.

The abilities of Randall were often the theme of conversation among the amateurs of boxing; but, owing to a bad finger, and want of necessary time to improve generally his frame, he was not matched till Thursday, April 3, 1817, when he entered the lists with West-Country Dick, for 25 guineas a-side.

A roped ring was prepared for the occasion, about a mile and a half from Twickenham, on the Common, and numerous vehicles of all sorts were placed round it, forming a most capacious amphitheatre. Several marquees were also erected on the ground, filled with the *good things of this life*, to render the sports of the day pleasant and attractive to those lads who were *well breeched;* but such is the uncertain chance of war, that a gentleman who rode into the ring, having all the appearance of an *amateur*, unfortunately, in *propria persona*, turned out to be a country magistrate. He very politely requested the *official* characters to remove the ring, and to disperse as soon as possible—a good *deal of gammon* was *tipped* to prevail on him to let the manly sports proceed; but he was good-naturedly inflexible, and observed, that he had been upon his horse ever since seven in the morning on *the look-out*, and that it was *morally* impossible the battle could take place in the county of Middlesex. This was enough. And, in less than half an hour, this spot of ground, so previously important for *milling* ---now appeared like the "*baseless fabric of a vision*," that not a drag was left behind. Bill Gibbons, Richmond, Harmer, Scroggins, Cribb, &c., repaired to Hayes, followed by a great party of horsemen and carriages, and formed a ring, but this ultimately proved a *hoax*, to the no small chargin of thousands. The better informed proceeded to Twickenham, where the subject was *argued* and *determined*, and, on the signal being given, the carriage-wheels went round like lightning---the water was crossed in a twinkling---and, on the plains of Moulsey, in Surrey, about two o'clock, Randall entered the ring and threw up his hat, followed by Dick. Paddington Jones and Whale seconded Randall; and Oliver and Clark for Dick. Two to one on Randall. Both the combatants were well known to the ring, particularly Dick; but Randall was considered by far the better fighter. The amateurs were of the first respectability, but not very numerous. It was generally spoken of as a most *comfortable* MILL, and conducted with all the *good breeding* of a drawing-room! A small delay occurred, owing, it is said, to Dick refusing to fight out of a *roped ring*.

First round. On *setting-to* much caution was observed on both sides to obtain the first advantage, when Randall, with great dexterity, put in a sharp facer. In returning, Dick hit short---some few blows were exchanged in favor of Randall, who fought his way into a close, and commenced fibbing his adversary till they both went down. 3 to 1 on Randall, who had drawn Dick's *cork*.

Second. Paddy, full of fire, immediately took the lead, and nobbed Dick so successfully, that he turned round from his opponent. In closing, as before, he held Dick up, and faced him till he went down. Loud applause.

Third. Dick set-to with much gaiety, and put in a body hit but he could make no successful impression upon Randall. The latter not only out-fought him, but again fibbed him down.

Fourth The superiority of milling was decidedly on the side of Randall, who drove Dick from him. In closing, Dick went down rather rapidly from the numerous blows he had received in this round, and it was thought a foul blow had been given him, and much vociferation took place of "foul---fair," &c.

Fifth. Randall's distances were well measured, and Dick's nob was again in contact with Paddy's fist. At the ropes Dick made an ineffectual struggle to escape from the severe fibbing which Randall was so liberally bestowing upon him. 5 to 1, but no takers.

Sixth. Randall commenced work after the manner of a hammer-man at a forge, although Dick kept plunging with his favorite right-handed hits, yet in closing, Randall held him up with all the tightness of a vice, beating a tat-too upon his mug, till he felt disposed to send him down. Loud shouting.

Seventh. The left hand of Dick seemed of no use to him, and his right did not perform that severe execution as on former occasions. Randall, however, did not seem to relish it much, and got away from it with adroitness. Dick was again fibbed down.

Eighth. Randall now satisfied the ring that he must win; he showed himself a complete scientific fighter—could work well with both his hands, and not only hit Dick away from him, but ultimately, milled him down.---Bravo, Paddy!

Ninth. Dick put in a facer, and Randall in returning hit short and went round, but recovered himself; and, in closing, fibbed Dick severely at the ropes, and then dropped him in style. 6 to 1 on Randall.

Tenth. The nob of Dick was fast losing its shape from the severe hammering of Randall, who applied his fist so rapidly on his opponent's mug, that it could only be compared to a footman knocking violently at a door. In closing they both went down.

Eleventh. A short round, but it terminated in favor of Randall, as did also the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth rounds.

Fifteenth. It seemed as if Dick was endeavoring to obtain a change in his favor---he hit Randall on the face, put in a hard blow on his shoulder, and had the best of this round. Both down.

Sixteenth to Twentieth. Randall seemed rather blowed in these rounds, and at times got away from Dick's right hand. In fact, he had not been idle for a moment, and the face of his opponent gave a strong specimen of his capabilities, and he was fibbed down upon every set-to. 5 to 1.

Twenty-first. A good deal of sparriug occurred before a blow was exchanged, when Randall put in four facers without any return. Both down. Any odds.

Twenty-second. The arm of Randall appeared to have all the activity of a fiddler playing a country dance; his hand was never out of his opponent's face.

Twenty-third. This round claimed much attention, from its singularity. Dick put in two severe body hits, but, in closing, Randall fibbed him severely with his left hand, then changed it with the most apparent ease, and punished Dick down. Great applause.

Tweniy-fourth to Twenty-seventh. In these rounds the spectators were surprised to see the successful manner that Randall held up Dick with one arm, and punished him with the other. His head was now completely in chancery, his left eye completely puffed up, and he had been down so often, as nearly to get the appelation of "tumble-down Dick."

Twenty-eighth. The battle was fast drawing to a close, and the excellence of Randall was now acknowledged by all. Dick endeavored te make some desperate hits; but Randall nobbed him at arm's length, with the utmost sanc-froid, and, in closing, did as he liked with him.

Twenty-ninth and last. On setting-to, Randall, with much severity, put in a blow on the breadbasket, that not only puffed the wind out of him, but he went down and instantly rolled up like a bale of cloth. Such a blow is rarely witnessed, and seldom fails of having the desired effect. Time was called, and upon Dick's getting up to come to the scratch, he shook hanks with Randall and resigned the contest.

Randall, in the above contest, proved himself one of the prettiest fihters of his weight, (10 stone 2lb) He is a good two handed hitter, bnt unusually successful with his left hand; and his game has not been yet put to the test in any of his battles. Dick had not the slightest chance. Randall left the ring without a scratch upon his face.

The scientific quality displayed by Holt, in a battle of an hour and a half's duration with Parish, the watermon, and from his more re cent conquest of O'Donnell, at Arlington-corner, the amateurs were mnch prepossessed in his favor, and notwithstanding the well known excellence of Randall, it was generally thought that Holt would turn out an eqnal competitor. In consequence of this opinion, a match for 25 guineas a side was made between the above pugilists. Considerable interest was felt by the sporting world respecting its decision, which took place at Coombe-warren, on Tuesday, May 20, 1817, in a 24 feet ring.

(To be continued)

The English Ring.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Oct 18.---Nat Langham and Tom Sayers---£100 a side, London.

Oct 25.---Norton and Hall---£10 a side, London.

Nov 1.---Riley and Finighty ---£10 a side, London.

Nov 8.---Gill and Donnelly---£20 a side, Liverpool.

Nov 11.---Hazletine and Brown ---£50 a side, London.

Nov 15.---Jones and Hayes---£200 a side, London.

Nov 15.---Trott and Millard ---25 a side, London.

Nov 15.---Keefe and Tyler---£25 a side, London.

MALPAS AND EDMUNDS. The fight between these countrymen, for £10 a side, took place on Monday, near Dudley, and after a well contested battle was won by Malpas in 66 rounds and 90 minutes.

HAYES AND JONES. A further deposit of £20 a side between these two heroes was duly posted on Tuesday last, at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, More-street Soho. The next, of £20 a side, is to be put down at Dan Dismore's King's Arms, Smart's buildings, Holborn, on Tuesday next.

KEEFE AND TYLER. These men made a further deposit, of £2 10s a side, on Thursday night, at Mr. Beaumont's, Grapes, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell. The next is to be posted at Mr. Smith's, White Lion, Fashion- street, Spitalfields, on Thursday next.

RILEY AND FINIGHTY. A further deposite of 30s a side for this match was made on Tuesday, at Harry Burton's, Bell, Red Lion-market. The next is to be made at Mr. Wallace's Blue Anchor, Bunnill-row, on Tuesday next.

NORTAN AND HALL. The fourth deposite of £2 a side, between these youths was made at Mr. Taylor's, High-street, Shadwell, on Tuesday last. The fifth, of £2 a side, was to be staked on Friday night. They fight on Tuesday, the 25th inst.

HAZELTINE AND BROWN. The seventh deposit, of £2 10s a side, for this match was made at Jemmy Welsh's, George, East Harding-street, Farringdon Market, on Wednesday last. The next is to be posted on Wednesday next.

GILL AND DONNELLY. A further deposit for this match is to be made on Tuesday, at Mr. Clew's, Canine Tavern, Blake-street Liverpool.

Daniel Devitt of Lambeth, a novice, who never fought for a shilling, wishes to make a match with Trim, who fought Cruise, for £10 a side, or Dooney Harris on the same terms. Money ready at Mr. Orridge's. Rochester Castle, Upper Marsh, Lambeth, on Tuesday night from eight to ten.

Morris Roberts cannot fight at 7st 10lb, but if Bowey Taylor will make a match at 7st 12lb Roberts will accommodate him, for £25 to £50 a side. A match can be ensured on these terms by Taylor sending a deposit to us and articles to Roberts, at Mr. Smyth's, Nothingham house, Hill-street, Bread-street, Birmingham.

Tom Smith of Cheltenham not hearing from Madden is still anxious for a match, and will fight Trainer of Liverpool, or Alf Walker, at 8st 6lb, for £50 or 100 a side. A match can be made on Tuesday next, at Mr. Payne's, the Princess Royal, Warwick-street, Belgrave-road, Pimlico.

Harry Adams states that it was his intention to retire from the Ring, but as Smyth of Cheltenham has challenged him he will accommodate that worthy, but not for less than £100 a side, at 8st 4lb. Smith can ensure the match by leaving a deposit at our office.

Barry will fight Hawkes of Birmingham at 9st, and weigh the morning before fighting, or at 9st 2lb and weigh on the morning, for £50 100 a side. A deposit and articles left with us will ensure a match.

William Higginson of Lambeth will fight William Franklin of Chelsea, for from £15 to 25 a side, at 9st 2lb or 9st 4lb. Money at R. Chisnell's. hit or mis, Waterloo-on Wednesday evening between eight and ten o'clock.

Tom More will not fight Bobby Chapman at 7st 10lb, but if the latter will fight at 7st 6lb a match can be made for £25 to 50 a side, at Mr. Porter's, Princess Royal, Bell-street, Edge-road

Brunt and Sherratt.---Brunt of Mecclesfield will fight Sherratt at the original weight for the money down, and allow us to name the time. Or he will fight him any day, at any time, or any place, catch weight.

W. Morris will fight Shylock, for £25 or 50. A match can be made at his benefit on Monday evening next, at Mr. Gilling's, the Britannia Tavern, Frederick-street, Regent-street, Westminster.

Caunt's Young Big-un will be at the fight on Tuesday, prepared to fight any man who may fancy him, for a £25 purse, to which Caunt will subscribe £10.

Mr. James will be at Mr: Bunyan's, on Monday evening to match a man at 10st 6lb against any other man who has not won more than £10 to 25 a side.—*Bell's Life, Londn., Oct.* 16.

A FEMALE HUSBAND.

At Westminster police court, on Wednesday, a quiet-looking elderly woman solicited the magistrate's assistance under the following circumstances:—She had a daughter, a girl of seventeen, who had gone through the ceremony of marriage without being blessed with a husband. It was of course, at the time of their nuptials supposed that she was being united to one of the other sex, and they went to York to spend the honeymoon, but her daughter, to her great surprise, discovered that she had been married to a woman in man's attire, and the mother of three children.—Mr Broderip observed there was such a case as tnis on the Books (*Legal Reports*) and inquired where the marriage took place.—Applicant replied. At Highgate Church.---Mr. Broderip referred her to the magistrates of that district.--Applicant, before leaving the court, made the following extraordinary statement in the waiting-room:---That the pseudo-husband was first introduced to her in female attire, under the name of Mrs Panton, but, after an intimacy of some months, suddenly appeared in the costume of a gentleman, announcing himself as Mr. Albert Guelph, and declaring that he was issue of George the IV and Queen Caroline, but that from certain reasons his existance had hetherto been kept a profound secret, but that his love for her fair daughter had wrong it from his heart, and induced him to appear in the becoming habiliments of his own sex, in lieu of the female attire he had been disguised in for years, by direction of a very benign old lady, who met him periodically in Parklane, and supplied him with cash *ad libitum*. As he dressed very fashionably, and always had plenty of money, applicant, believing the story, consented to their nuptials, particularly as the *soi-distant* Mrs Panton and fier daughter had upon the occasion of little visits slept together before, and so Miss Rubens changed her name to Mrs Guelph on the 12th of September, 1852, by license, at Highgate Church, but she soon discovered that Mrs Panton was but a woman after all, although endeavours were made for a considerable time to induce a contrary notion.

Sailors' Home Regatta at Stornoway.

The first regatta ever attempted so far north, took place on the 2d inst, in the splendid harbor of Stornoway, which was covered with sailing and other boats, to the infinite delight of the inhabitants, who turned out *en masse*, to witness this pleasing, and, to them, novel sight.

The regatta, which was got up under the patronage of Sir James and Lady Matheson, for the benefit of the Stornoway Sailors' Home—an admirable institution, which owes its existence, in a great measure, to the munificence of the worthy baronet above mentioned, and his excellent lady—was conducted in a manner which would have done no small credit to those ports where such exhibitions are of more frequent occurrence.

The first race was between fisherman's boats, pulling six oars; nine started and made an excellent match. The second race, which was also good, was between gigs and four oars. The third, which was well-contested one, was between five fishermen's boats, pulling four oars. There were two other races, one being made up of private boats belonging to the town. The day's proceedings were terminated by a supper and ball, the former being provided for the contending parties, by Lady Matheson, at the Sailors' Home, the donations and subscriptions in aid of which have lately been considerably increased by the active exertions of Captain Hall, R. N., the managing director of the Sailors' Home Institution, Craven-street, Strand, London, who has been for some time past busily engaged in the north, in the furtherance of this interesting cause, to which, of late years, he has so successfully devoted his time and his exclusive attention.

Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

The meetings of the committee of this rapidly increasing yacht club are held weekly, at the Winter Club House, 113 Grafton-street, Dublin, the arrangements of which are almost completed for the accommodation of the general body of members. At the last meeting it was considered advisable to enlarge the limits for Irish station members from 30 miles (as specified in the fourth general rule of the club) to 100 miles, and that the entrance fee of £3 should be increased to £4; the annual subscription to remain as before, £2: out-port members residing in Ireland, more than 100 miles from Dublin or Kingstown, as also in England, Wales, Scotland, and abroad, to pay as heretofore, £2 2s entrance fee, and £1 1s per annum. We observe that the committee have purchased the splendid billiard table, manufactured by Messrs. Grubb & Co., Charlemont Bridge Works, Dublin, and now exhibiting in the Great Industrial Exhibition, at the Royal Dublin Society, for the new club house.

THE AMERICAN MODEL.

THE SPIRIT AND WHIM MATCH.

A match came off at Cowes, between tho above celebrated little boats, on Monday, 3d inst. The Spirit is a boat of six tons, built on the thorough American cutter principal, by her owner, Mr. E. Ratsey, jr., and the Whim is the property of Capt. Graham, sen., of Sea View. The Spirit was sailed by Mr. Henry Well of Sea View, and the Whim by her owner, the veteran George Greenham, sen. The boats left their moorings with a light breeze from N: W., the Spirit having a slight lead, but the Whim soon overhauled and passed her, rounding the first marked boat ahead of her antagonist. However, after turning to windward, the Spirit soon showed her superior abilities on a wind by passing the Whim, and after a most exciting struggle came in winner by 1min. 50sec, amid the cheers of some hundred spectators. This little match created considerable excitement, as the Spirit had been built by Mr. Ratsey, entirely to try the experiment of the American plan.

Death from Over Exertion in a Swimming Match.

On Thursday week an inquest was held at the London Hospital on James Ingram, aged 27, a man of color, who died under the following circumstances: It appeared that the deseased, who lately resided in Flower and Dean street, Mile End New Town, proceeded a few days since to swim a match at the City of London Bath, Milton street, Cripplegate, City, for a wager. The deceased was a very clever diver, and quick swimmer, and had beaten several first rate men on former occasions. He leaped in, swam the required distance very rapidly, beating his opponent, when he suddenly disappeared. He, however, was got out and found to be in a state of insensibility from being too long in the water. He was scen by a surgeon, when it was ascertained that he had burst a blood-vessel by extraordinary exertion. Deceased was taken home and subsequently became so much worse as to be removed to the hospital, where he was warded, and placed under the care of Dr. Birch, one of the physicians, who rendered every assistance, but he gradually grew worse, and died from the escape of blood from the ruptured vessel.—Verdict accordingly.

Stag Hunting in Devon and Somerset.

At the time when the chase in most countries is about to commence, the season for hunting the wild deer has nearly closed, and I hope you can find room in your columns for a brief account of the runs of last week, which I think will prove interesting to many of your readers. On Tuesday, the 27th September, the meet was at Dulverton, the head-quarters for stag hunting, and a stag was harbored in Deer Park. The tufters were thrown in, and found almost immediately, and the deer, after running through the Haddon and Berry coverts for some time, and trying in vain to turn out a hind as his substitute, broke to Morebath, thence to Exe Bridge, crossed the river to Exeham, came down the water into the Tiverton and Dulverton turnpike-road, which he ran for a short distance, crossed to Hamslade, and over the enclosure by Highbull and Turnpike gate, across the Southmolton-road, over Ford Farm to Spurway Barton, where the hounds ran into him, but, fortunately, he was saved without injury, and will be turned out again next week to roam once more in his native wilds. On Saturday, 1st October, met at Dulverton, and had intelligence of a good stag in Upton Wood, which we tufted, and almost ere a hound spoke, our quarry broke under Upton Church to Blakes, thence to Withiel, and over Littledown and Brendon Hill, left Treborough village to the right, and went by Charcoot Lodge straight through the Luxborough coverts passing to the left of Hart Cleeve, and down through Quarne Farm to Quarne Water. The hounds were, however, too close to him to allow him to remain on the water, and he went away over Upcott to Winsford, where he took water, and ran for a mile or more by the Exe, then broke towards Staddon Hill, turned and recrossed the Exe, and went over Court Hill to Exford. Here he made a short double, and a check of some duration was the consequence; but, after some cold hunting, the hounds fresh found him in a plantation under Court Hill, and away he went at a tremendous pace over the commons and inclosures to the river Barle, which he crossed between Lanacre Bridge and Withypoole, went over Withypoole and Hawkridge Commons, skirted Hawkridge Plantation, and came to water in Danesbrook, below Lyshell Wood. Here a check occurred—a breathing space not unacceptable to the few who were up—but the hounds shortly afterwards hit him on the water, and fresh found him in Drewcombe Wood. He then ran the water to below Hynam, broke through Shercombe Cleeve over North Moor, and went away for Brushford and Exe Bridge. On North Moor we vainly endeavored to stop the hounds, as it was past seven o'clock and dark, but we could only collect five or six couple, the rest went chiming away, deaf to rating and Sam's horn. Few steeds survived to see the last of it.

"So shrewdly on the mountain's side
Had that bold burst their mettle tried;"

and, indeed, a harder run has seldom been witnessed even in this country. For the information of those who are ignorant of the localities, I may mention that this gallant stag ran over more than fifty miles of ground, and went through no less than fourteen wide parishes. No hounds could have behaved better than Captain West's did on both these days; and it was near midnight on Saturday before

"Back limped with slow and crippled pace
The sulky leaders of the chase."

This was the second run the same stag had shown us this season, and I hope we shall meet with him once more. He is one of the right sort, and his running would furnish an argument difficult to be overcome by those who contend that the carted deer are stronger and better goers than those which live in a wild state. Long may the noble sport flourish, through all difficulties, in these countries; and I hope that unless some 'indigenious' sportsman can be found, who will keep a pack wherewith to hunt the deer, we may always be fortunate enough to secure so effective a master as Captain West to supply the vacancy.—Yours &c,

Dolverton, Oct, 6th 1853. AUSTER.

THE FIRST NEWMARKET MEETING.

The Cesarewitch Stakes, Oct. 9th.

The CESAREWITCH STAKES (Free Handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft, with 300 added by the Jockey Club, for three year odds and upwards; the winner of the Doncaster Ledger 12lb extra; the second in the St. Ledger, or the winner of the Doncaster Cup or the Great Yorkshire Handicap, or the Leamington Stakes, 6lb extra; the winner of any handicap value 200 sovs, including the winner's stake, since the publication of this handicap 3lb extra; the extra weights not to be accumulative; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 30 sovs to the judge; Cesarewitch Course (2m. 2fur. 28yds.); 77 subs.

Betting at starting: 5 to 1 against Songstress, 8 to 1 against King Pepin, 10 to 1 against the Indian Warrior, 12 to 1 each against Angelo and Teddington, 14 to 1 against Garforth, 12 to 1 each against King of Trumps, Nabob, Joe Miller, and Nervous, 25 to 1 against Dover, 30 to 1 each against Talfourd, Bardolph, and Muscovite, 40 to 1 each against Black Doctor and Pastry cook, 50 to 1 each against Haco, Cariboo, and Nutshell, and 1,000 to 10 against Catherine Hays. The start took place almost precisely at three o'clock, and was accomplished after one slight failure, the large body of horses getting away so well together that it was impossible, until they had settled in their places, after running two or three hundred yards, to assign positions to anything. Winter then took the lead, followed by Radcliffe, Hero, and Haco, Missive lying forth, and King of Trumps, Angelo, Muscotite, Catherine Hays, Nervous, Gossip, Mountain Deer, Garforth, Bardolph, Cariboo, and Dove, who ran almost abreast, next, behind them, in about the middle, came King Pepin, Teddington, Torment, Songstress, Talfourd, Joe Miller, Indian Warrior, Nabob, and The Reiver in a body, the rear lot, before they had gone half a mile, presented a tremendous tail, as they streamed along the other side of the Ditch. As far as we could learn, there was no change of moment amongst the front rank until approaching the Ditch gap, when, several secessions took place, Winter, Muscovite, Mountain Deer, Catherine Hayes, Gossip, Bardolph, and Cariboo, being amongst those who gave up the ghost. Haco pulled so hard after getting through the gap, that Palmer, on the retirement of Missive, indulged him by taking up the running; his immediate attendants, up the hill, and on to the flat, were Radcliffe, Hero, Angelo, Missive, King of Trumps, Garforth, Nervous, and Dove; but half-way across it, about the new ground, Angelo, Garforth, and Nervous died away. The heavy weights, who had gradually crept up to within half a dozen lengths of the leading division, now began to show more prominently forward, and on the defeat of Radcliffe, Hero, Missive, Dove, and King of Trumps, just before reaching the bushes, Indian Warrior, became second, and Nabob third. King Pepin and Songstress lying next, and behind them Teddington, Missive, Torment, The Black Doctor, Talfourd, The Reiver, and Garforth—the last named lot, however, being quite out of the race. After passing the bushes, Songstress gave way, and the Indian Warrior being in trouble at the top of the hill, the issue was left with Haco, still leading, Nabob, who was now second, being at his quarters, and King Pepin at the latter's heels. Halfway in the dip King Pepin drew upon Nabob, and for an instant got to his girths; the latter instantly shook him off, however, and catching Haco in the bottom, breasted the hill with a slight lead, which he maintained until within fifty yards of the chair, when Haco came again, caught his opponent in the last stride, and beat him on the post by a head. King Pepin finished three length behind them; at a wider interval, came Black Doctor fourth, Talfourd fifth, Indian Warrior sixth, and Songstress seventh, about a length separating each—many thought that the latter, who was running close to the chair, was fourth, but we will answer for the correctness of the above placings. Garford, Missive, King of Trumps, and Teddington were next, and behind them came an immense ruck, straggling all over the course, the end of the "tail" being composed of Nutshell, Muscovite, Bardolph, Catherine Hays, Cariboo, Winter, and Mountain Deer, the latter being nearly a quarter of a mile behind. Nett value of the stakes £1,600.

Mysterious Circumstance.---Ambleside.

Two men, living at Ambleside, went out nutting on Wednesday, in a wood at the foot of Grasmere Lake. While thus engaged, their attention was attracted to a particular spot by a dog that accompanied them, and on approaching

they discovered, to their horror, the dead body of a man, extended at full length on the ground. The body was in a dreadful state of decomposition, and must have lain there many weeks. It is not known up to the present time who the man was, or what was the cause of his death. Nobody has been missed at Ambleside or its vicinity.

Sporting News.

Home Department.

ARREST OF SULLIVAN,
On a Requisition from the Governor of Massachusetts.

HIS DEPARTURE FOR BOSTON.

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF MORRISSEY.

Since the fight between Sullivan and Morrissey, great exertions have been made by some of our moral (?) journals, the Sunday Times, Daily Times, Tribune, &c., to induce the authorities of Massachusetts to send a requisition for the arrest of those persons, in order that they might have a taste of Yankee justice. The Governors of this State and Massachusetts met together in this city on Tuesday of last week to take a look at the soldiers, and to arrange matters for the arrest of the pugilists. It was a well arranged affair and reflects great credit on the "two Governors." The requisition having been made out by the Yankee Governor, and endorsed by the Governor of New York, it was placed in the hands of an officer, who succeeded in arresting Sullivan on Thursday last. On Friday, he was brought up on a writ of habeas corpus to test the legality of the arrest, Mr. Jonas B. Phillips being engaged as counsel for Mr. Sullivan. Judge Edwards, of the Supreme Court, before whom the parties appeared, seemed to have no doubt whatever that all the circumstances connected with the arrest were perfectly legal in every particular, even to the name of William appearing in the requisition instead of James. However, to suit the counsel, the case was adjourned over to Saturday, at which time Jas. T. Brady, Esq. appeared in connection with Mr. Philips for Sullivan. After a few moments' conversation, however, Mr. Brady admitted the correctness of the proceedings, and the Judge gave his decision, handing over Sullivan to the tender mercies of the Massachusetts authorities, with whom he at once departed.

Now we think, in due deference to the wisdom of the powers that be, that an unwarrantable degree of haste has been exhibited in this entire matter. The ground upon which the fight took place is said to be disputed soil, and we think the proof should have been given that Massachusetts possessed jurisdiction over the section of country the peace of which it is said was violated by the party in question. The Governor showed extraordinary haste in endorsing the Massachusetts document; the Judge equal haste in giving his decision, and the Counsel employed by Sullivan seemed to offer no arguments in his behalf: in fact, we thought at the examination on Saturday, that Sullivan had no Counsel present, the proceedings appeared to be so one sided. If Sullivan is to be tried in Massachusetts we hope his friends will see to it that he has a fair trial, notwithstanding the efforts of the Sunday Atlas to prejudice the authorities against him.

The murderous system of duelling is permitted, though contrary to law. Duellists, however, are generally Congressmen, Naval Officers, Editors, &c., men whose influence is such as to close the eyes of Justice when their liberties are at stake. Duellists always go unwhipt of justice, even though their crime, as is often the case, should be murder. There is a sympathy manifested for the man or brute who kills his opponent in a duel; but if two individuals see fit to engage in a trial of strength with no weapons but those given them by their Maker, they are at once pursued by the upholders of morality (?) until they are forced by unequal odds to succumb to the "majesty of the offended law." Where are the murderers of Cilley? Are they incarcerated in a dungeon to answer to an offended law? Oh, no! They are men in high stations. The law does not touch them, though they committed the blackest murder on record. They are high souled gentlemen—gentlemen of honor—gentlemen who consider murder by the duelling system as an honor to themselves, as well as to the community in which they reside.

Where are the murderers of those persons destroyed on the steamer Henry Clay? Are they in prison? Was their case carried through with unprecedented haste? Did newspapers endeavor to influence the authorities against them? ---Oh, no. The case was different. Their money saved them and satisfied the offended law. It was only a little race the owners of the boat were engaged in, and although the race was proved, yet the wholesale murder was altogether an unavoidable accident, to which all boats are liable. The widows, husbands, sisters, brothers, and orphans of the scores of those murdered on the Henry Clay, have the satisfaction of knowing who *are* the murderers, though *justice* does not. Such is law, and such is the power of money over law, and over every source of justice. Law is all on one side---justice on the other. The poor men can obtain abundance of law, but very little of that most essential accompaniment of law, justice.

Morrissey, we understand, has been called away without obtaining an interview with the Yankee authorities. We are glad of it, and should be pleased to hear that Sullivan had also escaped. We do not think that Massachusetts has jurisdiction over the fighting ground at Boston Corners. The case of Sullivan, when brought to trial, will afford some curious developments. In the meantime, let the friends of Sullivan exert themselves in his behalf.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE FANCY.

WARRANTS FOR THE ARREST OF THE SPECTATORS OF THE LATE FIGHT.

SUDDEN FLIGHT.

Quite an excitement was created in sporting circles on Monday last by the report that a requisition and warrants for the arrest of a large number of the spectators of the late fight at Boston Corners, had been received from the Massachusetts authorities by Sheriff Orser. It is also stated that the Deputy Sheriff had succeeded in arresting several of those for whom warrants were issued. We have not been able to trace the reports to any reliable authority, but should they be correct, we have yet to learn that the New York authorities would be justified in giving up the spectators without a thorough examination into the whole matter. If our citizens are to be taken out of this State by Blue Law authority, first let us know how far those laws *can* reach individuals who were not directly interested in the disturbance of the peace at Boston Corners. Is it possible that an individual, whose business called him in the neighborhood, and who, as a matter of curiosity, stopped to inquire into the cause of the crowd, can be arrested and taken out of this State on the mere requisition of the Governor of Massachusetts? We think not, and yet the attempt is made. Let the matter be tested, and the whole law relating to Prize Fights be made known to our citizens. We want no introduction of Blue Laws into New York.

SULLIVAN among the YANKEES.

HIS EXAMINATION.

BAIL REQUIRED IN THE SUM OF $1500.

His Probable Release.

Sullivan having been surrendered to the authorities of Massachusetts, Saturday last, was immediately taken to that State, and lodged in prison at Lenox, Berkshire County. On Monday last, he had an examination, and was remanded, to take his trial in January next. The bail required for his appearance is $1500, "in money." The penalty for the crime with which he is charged is imprisonment not exceeding five years, and a fine not exceeding "five thousand dollars." The arrest of Sullivan seems to be rather a money making affair with our Yankee friends. Should Sullivan be tried, the old Blue Laws will be visited upon him with right good will. Sullivan will probably be released in a day or two.

We hope his friends, and the sporting community generally, will contribute their mite to assist in his release. All information can be had at the different sporting houses throughout the city. We think the friends of Morrissey should not be behind hand, for the luck has all turned on their side.

Morrissey, and all those directly engaged in the fight, "have gone on a little excursion." We wish them a pleasant time.

Who saw the Fight?

Since the receipt of the requsition for the arrest of the spectators of the fight at Boston Corners, it is impossible to find a single individual who saw the fight. Those who before were loud in their assertions of having seen the whole affair, now know nothing at all about the fight, and even go so far as to ask what fight it was. That's right, keep dark, boys.

Great Fight in England.

We expect to receive, in time for our next, a full account of the great fight between Sayers and Langham, near London. These two men are considered "big uns" in the Prize Ring, and much interest is manifested as to the result of the contest. Large sums of money have been staked upon the match, and it it expected the fight will be a tremendous one. Look out and secure a copy of the Clipper in season.

Great Steamboat Race.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.

The trial of those "poor but respectable" individuals implicated in the destruction of the steamer Henry Clay, having terminated so favorably to *all* concerned, we have great pleasure in announcing that arrangements are rapidly progressing for a repetition of the performance on a much more extended scale. But *very few lives* were lost by the Henry Clay race, considering the *sport* enjoyed by those most deeply *interested*, but when we announce that the next struggle will be the greatest aquatic contest ever gotten up on these waters, (and that is saying a good deal) our fellow citizens should lose no time in ascertaining the time and whereabouts of the match.

P. S.—Don't forget to get your lives insured. There is a "leetle" risk, but that is nothing to the "sport."

GREAT HURDLE LEAPING!
Mickey Free Matched to Jump 1,000 Hurdles in 3 Hours, for a Purse of $300,

AT BERGEN POINT, NEW JERSEY.

ON THE 26TH DECEMBER.

MICKEY FREE'S ANSWER TO THE STAG.

NEW YORK AGAINST NEW JERSEY.

OFFER TO MEET THE STAG ON THE LONG ISLAND OR UNION RACE COURSE.

SPORT AHEAD!!

We mentioned in the Clipper a short time since that it was probable we should have some of the old English sports revived among us, in the way of hurdle leaping, &c. The following letter from Mickey Free, a well known pedestrian, will give our readers the particulars of a match wherein Mickey Free is to leap 1,000 hurdles in 3 hours. It will also be seen that the Stag's letter in our last is noticed by Free, and that he offers to try the Stag for six hours on the Union or Long Island Race Course for any amount of money he may name. Read the letter.

JERSEY CITY, November 8th, 1853.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER: SIR—I am matched against Time, viz: to jump 1,000 hurdles, 3 feet 3 inches high, placed on a 10 mile level ground for $300, on the 26th of December; to be on the ground at one o'clock P. M. According to the articles of agreement if I throw down a hurdle I am to come back and put it up again and jump it the second time, and the 1,000 hurdles are to be jumped in three successive hours, or I forfeit the money.

Sir: I saw in last week's Clipper a challenge from the Stag to walk 7, 10, or 20 miles for any sum which I might name. So I will just give Mr. Stag a bit of a chance for sporting, viz: I will jump 1,000 hurdles against the Stag's 950, and that is a good start of 50 hurdles. So if the Stag is game, let him come up to the scratch on the 26th, or else keep dark a little. Also, to let the public know whether the Stag will come up to the scratch, I will give him one more chance, viz: One month after my match of jumping, I will match myself against the Stag for any money he wishes, either much or little, to go for six successive hours on the Long Island or Union Course, and the one that goes the furthest in six hours to take the money, and that will show who is the real pedestrian. Besides, I never challenged the Stag to walk 7, 10, or 20 miles. But what I say I am ready to to do the letter. MICKEY FREE.

P. S.---The jumping ground will be near the Plank Road to Bergen Point, adjoining the Hotel of Peter Dodge. Stages will run from Jersey City Ferry to the ground to accommodate all passengers who wish to go there, at a low rate of fare. The hurdle ground will be on an open lot, free to all. M. F.

CRICKET.

Newark Club *vs* Paterson, N. J. Club.

On Monday the New-Jersey men came from Paterson to Newark to play the return match, and were much more fortunate in the choice of the day than when they played at home, for on that occasion the rain stopped their play, so that it ended in a drawn game, the Newark side only playing one Innings. Monday was a beautiful day; the sun shone out and every body on the ground looked like Cricketing. Play commenced at 11 o'clock; the Paterson boys having won the toss, went in first, getting 52 in their first Innings and 59 in their second Innings, beating their opponents by 36 runs. They played uncommonly well, Treagear, C. Ashworth, Shaw, Haythorn, and Hinchliff did the most execution with the bat; the two latter in particular gave us some good play; Cooper on their side bowled beautifully; he took six wickets in the first Innings and seven in the second Innings; Law, their other bowler, was very good.

The Newark men, though not so fortunate as their visitors, played well, Elvérson got 21, the head score of the day; H. Bedford, Wurtz, Godwin and Greathead were also good on the bat, while Hedges and H. Bedford did great execution with the ball, the last player took five wickets in the first Innings. They scored 52 in the first Innings, tying the Patersonian's first Innings, but could not reach them on the second, only making 23. Altogether it was a very pleasant game and they parted, promising to meet again next season.

This will probably be the last match of this season with the exception of a closing match on the New-York ground, which is talked about.

The following is the score:

PATERSON CLUB.

	1st Innings.
Law, b. H. Bedford	4
Hinchcliff, b. H. Bedford	3
Shaw, c. Baker, b. H. Bedford	6
E. Ashworth, b. H. Bedford	0
Cooper, c. C. Bedford, b. Hedges	1
C. Ashworth, c. C. Bedford, b. H. Bedford	12
C. Parkins, b. Hedges	2
Haythorn, b. H. Bedford	3
Treager, run out	14
Horsfold, not out	6
Pilkington, b. Hedges	0
Byes	1
Wide Balls	0
Total	52
	2d Innings.
Law, b. Godwin	0
Hinchcliff, c. Greathead, b. H. Bedford	20
Shaw, run out	14
E. Ashworth, b. H. Bedford	4
Cooper b. H. Bedford	0
C. Ashworth, b. Hedges	3
C. Parkins, b. H. Bedford	4
Haythorn, c. C. Bedford, b. Godwin	3
Treagear, b. Godwin	0
Horsfold, b. Godwin	2
Pilkington, not out	1
Byes	2
Wide Balls	1
Total	59

NEWARK CLUB.

	1st Innings.
Hedges b. Cooper	6
Godwin, b. Cooper	7
Greathead, b. Cooper	2
Elverson, b. Cooper	21
Smtih, c. Horsfield, b. Law	1
Baker, c. Haythorn, b. Cooper	0
Wurtz not out	13
Jefferson, b. Cooper	0
H. Bedford b. Law	0
Halsted b. Law	0
C. Bedford, b. Law	0
Byes	2
Wide Ball	1
Total	52
	2d Innings.
Hedges, b. Cooper	0
Godwin, leg bef. wick. b. Cooper	3
Greathead, b. Cooper	3
Elverson c. Horsfild, b. Cooper	1
Smith, b Cooper	2
Baker, b. Law	0
Wurtz, b. Law	2
Jefferson, b. Cooper	0
H. Bedford b. Cooper	8
Halstead, not out	3
C. Bedford, b. Cooper	0
Byes	1
Wide Ball	0
Total	23

Union Club *vs.* Free Academy Club.

On Saturday the students of the Free Academy played the return match on the ground of the New-York Club at Hoboken; there was a good attendanee of spectators, among whom we noticed several members of the New-York and St. George's Clubs, and all present were delighted with the boys' play—it was a treat to a Cricketer—the liitle fellows played most excellently and seemed to enjoy the game much. Whoever started these boys to practice the game deserves great credit—it is a manly, healthy and invigorating exercise and ought to be attached more or less to all schools.

The game commenced at 11 o'clock by the Free Academy Club taking the bat, and by 4 o'clock the Union Club were again declared the victors with four wickets to spare. We had some good betting from Davis, Davies and Porter, while the bowling was intrusted to Davis, Bard, Mead, Godwin and Hawes; the last two bowled well. But the gem of the ground was decidedly young Sherry, a boy of 13 years—every inch a Cricketer—full of science, and to see him dressed up for wicket-keeping, with his gloves and leggings, he formed a minature Cricketer; all lovers of the game should make a point of seeing him play; he is from Kent, England; all the other members of both clubs are Americans and will, after more practice, turn out some good players.

FREE ACADEMY CLUB.

	1st Innings.
Pratt, run out	0
Kirkland, b. Davis	5
Hawes, c. Phalon, b. Davis	1
Mead b. Davis	2
Sherry b. Bard	7
Linen, c. Baker, b. Bard	0
Marten, b. Bard	4
Jennings, run out	1
Godwin, b. Bard	0
Wilson c. Baker, b. Davis	11
Clark, not out	1
Byes	1
Total	33
	2d Innings.
Pratt, b. Davis	2
Kirkland, b. Bard	0
Hawes, c. Baker b. Davis	4
Mead c. Gassin. b. Bard	2
Sherry, b. Davis	6
Linen, c. Davies, b. Davis	7
Marten, c. Beebe b. Bard	0
Jennings, not out	0
Godwin, run out	1
Wilson, b. Bard	6
Clark c. Phalon, b. Davis	5
Byes	1
Total	33

UNION CLUB.

	1st Innings.
Davis, c. Marten, b. Hawes	1
Porter, run out	1
Davies, b. Godwin	1
Baker, run out	1
Bard, hit wicket	0
Leeds, b. Hawes	4
Banning, c. and b. Hawes	0
Gassin, not out	5
Beebe, b. Godwin	0
Phalon, c. Martin, b. Godwin	2
Muller, b. Godwin	5
Byes	5
Total	25
	2d Innings.
Davis, not out	16
Porter, c. Jnenings, b. Godwin	14
Davies, run out	4
Baker, b. Godwin	1
Bard, run out	6
Leeds, not out	0
Gassin, b. Godwin	1
Beebe, run out	0
Byes	3
Total	45

After the game was over, Sams presented the Union Club, as the victors of the day, with a new ball; and Sam Wright presented W. Hallock, the Treasurer of the Free Academy Club, with a bat.

The Edwin Forrest.

The Sunday Courier, in speaking of the new clipper ship Edwin Forrest, says:—

We can't exactly make out what the figure head is intended for, whether Metamora or the Gladiator.

We can only account for the inability of our neighbor to distinguish "'tother from which" by the fact that he *saw double*.

It would'nt Work.

A steam engine was harnessed to a balloon, at the Paris Hippodrome, for the purpose of steering it. The object was not attained, but the audience were immensely delighted with the whistle which gave the signal to start, and with the regular puff of the steam as the balloon and locomotive went up.

A Miserable Stipend.

The Picayune, in speaking of Wood's Minstrels, says:

If the public only continue in their good feeling and patronage towards this place, George Christy will undoubtedly realize an immense fortune, instead of being obliged to labor for a miserable stipend per week, as formerly.

The *miserable stipend* alluded to consisted of about *One Hundred and Twenty-five Dolars per week*. Very *miserable*, indeed.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Opera at Niblo's.

The production of the opera of Massaniello, in such fine style, couldn't fail to fill the coffers of the treasurer. The part of Fenella, on the first production of the opera performed by Mlle. Pougaud, has been well sustained by Mlle. Leeder since the absence of the former lady. The Choruses are well sung, and in fact the whole piece has been put upon the stage in the most magnificent style. We are glad that the public are beginning to repay Maretzek for the efforts he has made to establish the Opera in this city.

Grisi and Mario.

Some doubts having been expressed as to the probability of Grisi and Mario visiting this country, on account of some little financial arrangements, the following letter has been published by Mr. Hackett, the gentleman entrusted with the management of their affairs in this country, which *seems* to settle the question as to their American tour:

"TO THE PUBLIC.---As an all-sufficient notice or contradiction of the absurd and discreditable gossip lately fabricated by certain of the European and copied and circulated by some of our own press here, allow me to assure you that, according to a contract signed and sealed 4th May last by Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, and my individual self, they were legally bound to make their first public appearance in Ameriea on the 28th of November inst, wherever I might choose to appoint here; but that, after many earnest and oft-renewed and as oft-refused solicitations on their part, I did finally yield my consent, in London, on 23d September last, to a proposition, involving considerations alike honorable to them, satisfactory to me, and prospectively more advantageous to our public, for their temporary delinquency---- to change the dates in the contract originally arranged for their professional performances in this country, and also agreed that they might postpone their voyage hither until next summer---a less formidable season of the year for Madame Grisi to cross the Atlantic---and their *debut* here to 'the first week in the month of September next.' JAMES H. HACKETT.

"New York, Nov. 3, 1853."

After the above announcement, *perhaps* the artistes above named *may* visit us. We shall see.

German Opera.

The manager of the St. Charles Theatre, in the Bowery, has commenced the production of Opera in the German language, and thus far his exertions have been well rewarded, as the theatre has been well filled on each evening.

The Georgia Infant Drummer.

This unapproachable intellectual Prodigy and Musical Phenomenon, is now in our city, sojourning for a few days, with his *suite*, at Woodbury's Hotel, Fulton street, after a brilliant and most successful tour through the South and West. We understand that he is shortly to proceed to England and the European Continent, with a view to exhibit to the people of the Old World something of the *materiel* "Young America" is made of, especially in the line of his profession—as a Drummer, a very champion in the use of the sticks—himself his only parallel among all, whether veterans or otherwise, who ever conjured soul-stirring music from the head of a Drum. It can scarcely be possible that he will leave New York before giving a series of his incomparably delightful entertainments. In the hands of a judicious management, he would not only prove a "card" of most enthusiastic interest, but one that would "*pay*" largely to himself and all interested in the *recherchees soirees*. Where's Barnum? What are our other energetic managers and capitalists about, that they do not at once secure this more than California gold mine, in the genius of the Little Drummer, by speedily introducing him to our metropolitan people.

Negro Minstrelsy.

For a number of years, Mr. E. P. Christy had the Ethiopian field to himself, and well did he profit by it, for night after night, rain or clear, was Mechanic's Hall filled, not only by respectable, but by fashionable audiences. The company which Mr. Christy had succeeded in bringing together, and keeping in good working order, did not contain any really artistic gentlemen in the musical line, but their rendering of plaintive melodies, which are always calculated to touch the tender chord of sympathy, enlisted the patronage of persons who delighted in the simple style of the singers, unadorned by musical decorations and embellishments, so common with all "great" singers and which are seldom understood by those who listen merely because it is fashionable. Mr. Christy, being something of a judge of human nature, observed with what delight his entertainments were received, and determined to merit the patronage of the public, and to make his establishment a necessary fixture in the amusements of our city. How well he succeeded, can be judged of by the fact that he is now one of our wealthiest citizens. In the company under the direction of Mr. E. P. Christy, was a genileman named Harrington, performing under the assumed name of George Christy, and supposed by many to be nearly related to Mr. E. P. Christy. We believe, however, he is in no way related to that gentleman. George Christy seemed to be the great feature of Christy's Minstrels, for his comicalities and fancy negro delineations were well calculated to please. Another gentleman connected with the company, named Pierce, was, in our opinion, the best performer in the company. He was a great representative of the *real* negro character, and what he had to say or do was well done, and always well received by the public. But Mr. Pierce was kept in the back ground, and not allowed to "show off," for the simple reason that he would be likely to throw George Christy in the shade. In fact, to speak in the classic language of the Bowery, Mr. Pierce was not allowed to "spread himself." It was thought he might turn his abilities, should he be suffered to become the favorite, to his own account, by "setting up on his own hook." So Pierce was allowed to say just so much, and then he must stop; but George Christy was allowed the "largest liberty," and he took advantage of it to make for himself a name which might be of service to him in future times. He obtained a good salary, however, and was on the best of terms with Mr. E. P. Christy, and it was supposed that the two Christy's would always pull together in he same harness, but human nature will show itself sooner or later, and so it proved with the Christy's, as Mr. George Christy, thinking he had been instrumental in making a fortune for his manager, made up his mind to "go in for making himself a fortune, and accordingly linked himself in partnership with the manager of another Ethiopian company, and for aught we know to the contrary may be doing a good business. Mr. Pierce's abilities will now doubtless, be duly appreciated by Mr E. P. Christy, and he will also be allowed to "spread himself" to the fullest extent. We know of no person better suited to fill the place of George Christy than Eph. Horn, and we think the company at Mechanics' Hall would be fully as attractive as formerly, if this gentleman could be engaged.

Broadway Theatre.

Mr. Anderson continues the attraction at this theatre, and his performances have given general satisfaction thus far. In such pieces as Claude Melnotte and Hamlet, he is, perhaps, the best actor we have among us. In heavy tragedy he is not so attractive as Forrest, nor in fact as a general actor, can he be placed in the same rank with that gentleman. His present successful engagement at the first theatre in New York is a passport for him for similar favors in other cities.

Wallack's Theatre.

We witnessed the representation of the play of "Where's there's a will there's a way," last week at Wallack's. It was well performed, and was also decidedly successful. Bleak House is occasionally brought forward. On Monday evening a new comedy by Dion Bourcicault entiled "Love and Money, or the School for Scheming," was produced for the first time, to a large audience.

The Bowery Theatre.

The play of Civilization has been performed at this house, and was well received. The audiences continue as large as ever, and seem desirous of contributing by their presence to the success of this favorite old place of amusement. The Bowery is the only theatre on the east side of town likely to be well patronized during the ensuing winter.

Barnum's Museum.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, dramatised expressly for this establishment by Mr. H. J. Conway, was performed for the first time on Monday evening last, and gave much satisfaction.

A Minstrel's Salary.

By a statement published over the signatures of the gentlemen known as Christy's Minstrels, it appears that George Harrington, lately attached to that company, was paid during two years and eight months, the sum of "nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty dollars."

Another Accident at the Hippodrome.

On Friday evening last, an accident occurred at the Hippodrome, which, we fear, will prove serious, if not fatal. It appears that three of the females engaged in the Steeple Chase had gone once round the course, and turned into the centre passage for the purpose of leaping the horses over a ditch of water said to be twelve feet in width. The first horse that attempted the leap struck the opposite edge of the stream with his fore feet, throwing his rider over his head; the horse and rider, however, were uninjured. The next horse in attempting to jump across, also missed, and threw his rider heavily on the edge of the stream, where she was unable to raise herself. The horse in attempting to regain his feet, slipped and fell, his whole weight falling heavily upon the prostrate rider; he also rolled upon her in attempting to rise. As soon as possible assistance was rendered, but the lady was unable to stand, and had to be carried from the ring in an insensible state. We fear she has sustained severe internal injuries, which, if they prove not fatal, may at least lead to serious consequences and incapacitate her from performing in future. After the accident, a light wagon, containing one of the male and one of the female riders, was driven round the course to induce the audience to suppose the lady was the injured party, but the gag was too apparent, and the audience departed with the assurance that 'it was all right.' Our 'news papers' keep quiet in regard to accidents at the Hippodrome.

Target Excursions, &c.

Notice.

Target companies wishing reports of prizes to appear in the Clipper, will please send them to our office as early as convenient. We publish all such notices free, as being of interest to many of our readers.

Excursions to take place.

Liberty Guard, Jr., Nov. 16.
Tribune Guard, Nov. 19.
Hempstead Musketeers, Nov. 14.
L. C. Grimes Guard, Nov. 14.
Edward J. Shandley Guards, Nov. 21.
Lindsey Blues, Nov. 24.
Yellow Metal Musketeers, Dec. 25.
Haugwout and Dailey Guards, Nov 14.
Vamptown Rangers, Nov. 24.
Ridge Guard, Nov. 28.
Cameron Guards. Nov. 15.
Wittenberg Guards, Nov. 16.
Leanord Light Guards, Nov. 28.
Independent Neptune Volunteers, Nov. 24.
Pattison Guards, Nov. 15.
S. S. Conklin Guards, Nov. 14.
Valentine Guards, Nov. 24
Redfield Guard, Nov. 15
Dewitt Clinton Association, Nov. 16.
McKenna Guards, Nov. 30.
America's Own Guards, Nov. 21.
Upton Guards, Nov. 21.
Hartye Guards, Nov. 10.
Tupper Light Guard, Nov. 28.

Redfield Guard.

----We beg to return our sincere acknowledgements to the gentlemen of the Redfield Guard, for their cordial invitation to accompany them as guest on the occasion of their Third Annual Parade for target exercise, which is to take place on Tuesday, November 13th. The Redfield's are under the efficient command of F. C. Senior, and will, we have no doubt, make a creditable display. They meet at Smith's Hotel, No. 90 Perry street.

Liberty Guards, Jr.

----Our young friends of the above-named company, intend making their annual parade for target practice, on Wednesday, 16th inst. The following is a list of the officers: Captain, George Tilt; 1st. Lieut. W. Miller; 2nd, P. O'Donnell; 3d, D. Welsh, 4th, T. Sullivan; Orderly Sergeant, W. Miller; Captain of Pioneers, J. McCarty. The company will parade about 50 muskets, and will be accompanied by Adkins' Brass Band. Several beautiful prizes will be contended for at the shooting ground at East New York. May the Juniors have a merry time.

Valentine Guards.

The annual parade of the Valentine Guards, under the command of John W. Groesbeck, will take place on the 24th of November. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, at the Bleecker Street House.

Dewitt Clinton Association,

----The excursion of the Dewitt Clinton Association for target practice, takes place on Thursday, November 16th. The company will be under the command of J. C. Jewell, and will, no doubt, have a pleasant time. The members have their head-quarters at Merritt's Hall, 185 Spring street.

The Excelsior Fusileers,

----Captain John C. Nicol, accompanied by Wallace's Empire Band, visited Hoboken on Thursday, Nov. 3, for target practice, and passed our office on their return. Fourteen prizes were awarded to the best shots of the company. In the evening they gave their annual invitation ball at Knickerboker Hall, which was attended by over 500 ladies and gentlemen.

The Independent Mason Guards.

----This company, of Jersey City, commanded by Captain J. Calvel, wen, on their first annual target excursion on Wednesday, the 2nd of November. The following prizes were presented: First prize, a silver pitcher, won by W. Rolison; second prize, a silver goblet, won by W. Ashford; third, ten dollar gold piece, won by T. Radbone, 2nd lieut.; fourth prize, gold pencil, won by F. Rolison; fifth prize, a gold ring, won by G. Woodward; sixth prize, new hat, won by S. Cully; seventh prize, new set of tools, won by P. Stall; eighth prize, target, won by W. Rumsted; ninth prize, wreath, won by J. Will, 1st lieutenant. The company numbered thirty muskets and drilled light infantry. The masons gave evidence by their movements that they have been well instructed in military tactics.

Mc Kenna Guard.

----The above named company, called in honor of Mr. Mc Kenna, proprietor of a grocery establishment in Monroe street, intend parading for target practice, on the 30th inst., the occasion of their first annual excursion, when they will proceed to the Five Mile House, Brooklyn. Adkins' Brass Band is engaged for the occasion, and every effort is being made to secure for the excursionists a day of genuine pleasure. A magnificent pair of guide colors have been presented by Mr. Mc Kenna. The following is a list of the officers:---Captain, William Gillespie; 1st Lieut., Albert Smith; 2d do., T. Mc Nab; 3d do., W. Smith; 4th do., P. Maher; 5th do., I. Hand; 6th do., M. Mulalley; Orderly, I. Mc Henry. They had a street drill on last Friday evening, when they paraded over fifty muskets, and expect to turn out a much larger number on "the good time coming," when a number of splendid prizes will be contended for. As a body of citizen soldiers, they are a credit to our city. Long may they wave.

The Sweeney Guards.

----This company passed our office on Monday morning last, on their annual parade for target practice. They turned out in strong numbers, and were accompanied by a very fine brass band. The company looked and marched exceedingly well.

Upton Guards.

----The annual parade and excursion of the Upton Guards, at Macomb's Dam, will take place on Monday November 21st. The Uptons will be under the command of H. G. Jaslin. It will be impossible for us to avail ourselves of the kind invitation sent us by the Upton Guards to accompany them on their excursion.

Peddie and Morrison's Guards.

----The annual excursion of this fi body of men, numbering 100 muske and consisting entirely of workmen the employ of Peddie & Morrison, t eminent trunk manufacturers of No Maiden Lane, took place on Saturd last. The festivities of the day we commenced by the presentation of flag from the young ladies employed the bag department of the factory Newark, N. J. After which the m proceeded to New York, thence to H boken, when after contending for prizes, (presented by their employe they sat down to an excellent dinn winding up the proceedings of the d with a torchlight procession in Newar They were accompanied by Messrs Peddie & Morrison, the Rev. Mr. Clar son, one of the Chaplains of the U. Army, and other invited guests.

America's Own Guards.

----The annual excursion of this com pany takes place on Monday, Nov. 21s They will pass the day at Bull's Ferr and will be accompanied by the C Brass Band. The company is compose of the members of Empire Chapter, N 55, O.U.A., and will be under the com mand of Charles E. Bell. They m for drill every Tuesday and Frid evenings, when persons desirous joining, can attend.

The Hartye Guards.

----We return our thanks to the gen tlemen of the Hartye Guards for an in vitation to accompany them on the oc casion of their first annual parade fo target practice, which takes place o Thursday, 10th inst. The compan will meet at No. 11 Crosby street, an will be under the command of P. H Waters.

Hanlon Light Guard.

----The following prizes were award ed to the gentlemen named below, o the excursion of the above named com pany, on the 25th of October

1st. Silver cake basket, presente by W. Killewee, won by E. Meehan.

2d. Silver watch, do by Jas. Ha lon, won by J Phillips.

3d. Silver cup, do by J. Broderick won by T. Howard.

4th. Gold pen and pencil, do by Shirr, won by S. Crane.

5th. Gold pencil, do by P. Hara won by J. Broderick.

6th. Order for a $5 pair of pants, o by J. Cooper, won by W. Garrigan, L Lieut.

7th. Order for $5 pair of boots, by S. Farlow, won by T. Burns.

8th. Splendid neck handk'f, do b J. Hutchler, won by M. Cohen.

9th. Silver snuff box, do by J. Dor ny, won by S. Fitzgerald.

10th. Gold pencil, do by S. Ryn won by J. Cogan.

11th. Gold pencil, do by R. Mitche won by S. McClennon.

12th. Gold ring, do by M. Pike, w by J. Clancy.

13th. Pearl portemonaie, do Capt. M. Crane, won by T. Roach.

14th. Pearl portemonaie, do by Lipman, won by R. Maroony.

15th. Splendid pair of pistols, do T. Farrell, won by S. Meehan.

16th. Velvet portemonaie, do by Siegly, won by W. Fornard.

The Baxter Light Guard.

Having been unable to attend the banquet given by the members of the above named company, on the occasion of their annual parade and target excursion, on the 1st inst., we were deprived of the opportunity of giving a full report of the proceedings in our li The following, however, will give idea of the "good time" enjoyed by friends. It is written by a gentlem who participated in the pleasures of day. It will be seen that our friend design visiting Philadelphia and Ba more in the Spring. We wish the every success in their undertakings

The company started from the Co tre Market drill rooms at 9½ o'clock, a companied by Dodworth's Cornet Band consisting of 18 brass instruments, reed do., 12 small drums, 4 bass do. and 3 fifes. The company numbered rank and file (limited to 50). After enjoying a small march in the city, proceeded to Hudson, N. J., at which place we stayed about three hours, time being occupied by target shooting and ball playing. The sports being ended, all hands were called to a sumptuous collation, to which they did ample justice. Then followed the presentation of the prizes, which were as follows:---1st, a massive gold chain; silver goblet; 3d, $10 gold piece; 4 3 vols. of Encleycopedia of Geograph 5th, suit of clothes: 6th, gold pen 7th, do; 8th, do; 9th, silk umbrel 10th, $5 hat; 11th, splendid daguerre type case; 12th, silver cigar case; 1 heavy seal ring; 14th, do. The pri were presented by Mr. Wm. S. Gregor who delivered a very neat and appr priate speech on the occasion---start for home---arrived in the city about o'clock---marched around the city, and dismissed at the market at 5 o'clock Having eased ourselves of our muske belts, &c., we formed into line and pro ceeded by the Band, marched to Flo ence's Hotel, where, at 6 o'clock, th party sat down to a most magnificen spread table, got up in Mr. Reube Lovejoy's best style, and I would he remark, should any of our volunteer companies feel desirous of obtaining good dinner, I could safely refer them Mr. Lovejoy, who is a gentleman every respect, and who takes care to le no man leave his house dissatisfied The dinner in fact, far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, the only complaint being *it was too nice*. Having demolished a greater portion of the good things, the table was cleared, and the *flow of soul* brought in---"pop" went the corks, and all hands filled to the

FIRST TOAST---"Capt. Benjamin F Brady," drank with cheers.

Capt. Brady responded in a few re marks, giving a short history of the company since its organization, and con cluded by giving---

"The fame of Col. Charles Baxter may each and all of you emulate his illustrious example, and like him have your names enshrined in the hearts of your countrymen." Drank standing.

A call was then made for Mr. Wm S. Gregory (candidate for Senator from 8th ward). Mr. Gregory rose and made a few remarks, and pleading incompetency to do full justice to the compan called upon Major Morton Fairchild who rose and gave a very feeling de scription of the death of Col. Baxter, the battle of Chapultepec, which brough tears in the eyes of many who hea him. He concluded by giving---

"The Press,"---drank with nine hearty cheers.

Mr. Ethan Allen, reporter of the N. Y. Herald, responded in a few remarks, and gave---

"The Baxter Light Guard, may the day be far distant when we shall know them not." Cheers.

Numerous other toasts were drank and responded to until the hour of 9 arrived, when all hands departed, highly pleased with the day's sports, and which I may say was the most pleasant excursion of the kind I ever participated in. Much regret was expressed that the "Clipper" was not represented on the occasion.

The company being determined to head the list of the volunteer companies of New York City, have commenced to make arrangements for a grand excursion to Philadelphia and Baltimore in the Spring, and have already appointed a committee to make the preliminary arrangements.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Two Trotting Matches Forfeited—A Ten Mile Race for $6,000.

The fall campaign of amusement on the Turf, at Union Course, L. I., was continued on Monday, and although the atmosphere was very unpleasant, the track was visited by a large number of persons from New York and elsewhere, who were prompted to visit there by the publication of Trotting matches announced as follows:

On Monday, Nov. 7th, at 1½ o'clock, P.M.—Match for $500.—Mile heats and repeat in harness. Mr. Wm. Whelan names s. g. Major; J. Woodruff names b. m. Lady Ellen. Immediately after, a match for $500, mile and repeat, to 250 pound wagons. Mr. John Baird names b. g. Dacon; Mr. John Ludlow names b. m. Marion.

The Judges were selected, and having entered the stand, the first race called on was the one between the horses named by John Baird and John Ludlow. The competitors exercised for half an hour or more, and Ludlow's mare being unable to trot, forfeit was paid, and received by the driver of Dacon. The Judges then called on the horses in the match of mile heats, in repeat, for $500.

The mare Lady Ellen came to the stand under the management of Hiram Woodruff, who claimed the right to have the word "Go" as his antagonist was not present. Hiram then came to the stand under a full trotting gait, and receiving the word, he continued round the Course, and came back in 3 minutes 8½ seconds. The opposing horse not appearing, forfeit was declared in favor of Lady Ellen. The above announcements did not come off according to the publicity given them, and some little excitement was manifested by the spectators who had paid their dollar for entrance to the Course, in consequence of not seeing the trotting matches that were advertised to come off.

Several of the visitors came to the box-office for the return of their money, but speedily returned to the track to witness a trot for a $20 purse, given by the proprietors of the Union Course, in which five good horses were entered, and all present were amused. Hiram Woodruff entered with a horse not known on the turf, and E. White entered with a black stallion unknown among the sporting men. Mr. Cooper entered with a large light brown horse. Mr. Coffee entered with a gray nag, that changed his gait to a trot, and another horse not known, except by the owner, was entered. The audience became quite enlivened, and numerous bets were made on Hiram's winning the race. The betting was $10 to $4, and the first heat resulted in the black horse of Mr. White being victorious, the backers of Hiram's horse stood firm and bet odds two to one. The second heat was not concluded until after dark, owing to the black horse being compelled to go to the blacksmith's shop to have a new shoe put on, and he was eventually the victor. Time: 2:58, 2:51.

The management of the trotting matches during the present season, has been but poorly attended to, and unless some new arrangements are made, it will be a difficult matter to induce people to visit our race courses.

Clipper Race.

The Lady Mary Wood left Shanghae with the American clipper ship Nightingale in tow, and finally cast her off (Gutzlaff bearing S. E ½ E) at 8 A. M. of the 8th inst., (from which time the Nightingale's run to London commences, and we hope to hear of her having better luck in the China sea this season than she had the last.) The British ship Challenger was all ready for sea and would leave a few hours after the Nightingale; so that we may expect to hear of an interesting match. Bets ran high on the Britisher, the winner of the last race.—Friend of China, Aug. 17.

"Poor Tom Picton."

The N. Y. Correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, says, in his letter to that paper on Monday, that he saw the funeral procession of "poor Tom Picton," on Sunday last, on its way to Greenwood. For the information of the readers of the Ledger, we would mention that "poor Tom Picton" was in no wise interested in the funeral procession, as he is alive and kicking. Ledger will please correct.

Newsboys on Sunday.

Judge Thompson of Philadelphia, has decided in a case lately brought before him that he will punish any newsboy brought before him for crying newspapers on Sunday. "An opinion as is an opinion." What next? Won't he also punish infants for *crying* on Sunday! Their noise is more annoying than that of newsboys. Go it, Philadelphia. No wonder you are so far behind the age.

The Turf—New York Races.

Rochester Union Courses, Nov. 1.—Purse $500, mile heats best three in five.

Green Mountain Maid	-	1	2	1	2 1
Flora Temple	-	-	-	-	2 1 2 2

Time. 2:40- -2:35---2:36---2:38

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NOVEMBER 12, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

Ross & Jones, 21 Ann Street.
S. Hallock, 150 Fulton Street.
Mike Madden, 47 Ann Street.
Yates & Seely, 15 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ Our Philadelphia Agent, Mr. A Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply newspaper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper at our regular wholesale rates.

Jack Randall.

We commence in this week's Clipper, the Life and Battles of the celebrated Jack Randall, one of the greatest pugilists of former days. In the course of the publication, some tremendous battles will be recorded. Those wishing to preserve these histories, would do well to secure a copy of the Clipper early, as an opportunity may not be again afforded them.

Firemen's Escorts.

What's the matter with our firemen? Several companies from other cities have lately visited us, and, except in one or two instances, no escort has been gotten up for their reception. Surely our New York firemen are not behind the firemen of Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., in hospitality, and yet no company visits those cities without a strong turn out of the firemen to extend to their visitors a true fireman's welcome. Our neighbors of Philadelphia have full as many visitors as our own firemen, and yet they turn out on every occasion to receive them. It surely cannot be any notions of economy that keeps our firemen from bidding visitors welcome, for no men are more liberal than they. We fear there is too much jealousy in the department, and if they wish to retain the hospitable name they have always borne among the firemen abroad, our firemen should be more attentive to visitors.

Young Morality.

We did think "Old Morality," of the Tribune would be able to superintend the teaching of the Gospel and Morality in this modern Sodam and Gomorrah, but we find he is unable to the task. We therefore have engaged "Young Morality," of the Daily Times, to assist his "elder brother" in the work of Reformation, but we think he is too fond of indulging in "funny things" to be of much service to the good cause. Only think of his ordering the inspector of streets to enter the houses of our citizens and seize upon every piece of nude statuary, every painting exhibiting the fair proportions of human nature without the incumbrance of $5 suits or coffee bag petticoats, and destroying them or ——making another "Art Union Exhibition" of them. It *must* be one of his jokes, however, he is so full of them that really it is difficult to understand when he is in earnest. Go it, "Young Morality."

Another Funny Paper.

The proprietor of a little weekly sheet, said to be a *funny* paper, supposing that his readers were not satisfied with one paper a week, determined, with the advice and consent of the "old man," to issue a *daily*, to be called the Charivari. The daily *came out* at one endof the week, and *went in* at the other. It was *too much* of a good (?) thing. The *weekly* was so much injured by the *daily*, as to lead to serious fears for its recovery. We appreciate the original (?) witticisms of the proprietor, but his *jokes* are too *far fetched* to afford general satisfaction, having been brought from the sanctum of the "old man." We charge nothing for this puff.

Philadelphia Firemen.

The Schuylkill Hose Co. of Philadelphia, arrived here on Monday afternoon. They were received at the Battery by a committee of about 12 individuals. The visitors brought on their beautiful hose-carriage, which was placed in the house of Engine Company No. 13, whose guests they are. They are accompanied by Beck's Philadelphia Silver Cornet Band. The company numbers 36 men, under the command of Mr. P. P. Fearon, Marshal, and Albert R. Schofield and Wm. Rutherford, Assistants. The Philadelphians are attired in a neat dress, consisting of black pantaloons, white coat, oil cape, painted blue and gilded, and high-crowned, painted hat.

After a pleasant stroll around the city, they went to the Bowery Theatre, at the invitation of the manager. On Wednesday evening they visited the Hippodrome, and on Thursday evening attended the ball of Hook and Ladder No. 4 at the Apollo Rooms.

Graham's Magazine for November.

This popular Magazine, for the present month, sustains its well-earned reputation as one of the leading periodicals of the day. Its contents are varied, and well suited to meet the tastes of its numerous readers. The engravings are beautifully executed, and the subjects well carried out. Stringer & Townsend, of 222 Broadway, are the New York Agents for Graham.

THE LAND OF SPIRITS.

Judge Edmonds—Mose—the Spirits.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.

(Reported expressly for the New York Clipper.)

Much has been said of late in relation to the connexion supposed to exist between the learned Judge Edmonds and the inhabitants of the 'Spirit Land.' The conductors of our most enterprising and popular newspapers of the day, thinking the importance of the subject demanded their attention, and supposing likewise that the public interest was fully awakened to the benefits likely to accrue from a full development of the matter in all its various phases, dispatched confidential and trustworthy reporters tothe residence of Judge Edmonds to ascertain from personal observation and experience if this spiritual dream was in reality all a dream, or whether it was the offspring of a diseased and disordered imagination. The results of those interviews have been made known to the public through the mighty machinery of the press, until the effects created thereby are being wafted back to us with lightning speed.

Not wishing to be behind our neighbors in procuring important information, nor desiring to make use of reports in which we could place but little confidence, we determined at an early moment to endeavour to induce our old and tried friend "Mose" to seek an interview with the Judge, and in his own peculiar language to make known through the columns of The New York Clipper, each and every item of interest he might be enabled to glean from his conversation with the Judge. We selected "Mose" as our medium, well knowing his popularity with the masses, and because his "word is his bond." In calling upon our "gallus" friend and stating the object of our mission, 'Mose' very kindly consented to undertake the little business, more especially as, he said, "it was to oblige his friend, and the public's friend, 'Queen of the Clipper." Thanking him for his politeness, and impressing upon him the necessity of getting the views of the Spirits, though the Judge, on all prominent topics of the present day, as well as of the past, and receiving his promise that our desires in every respect should be strictly and faithfully attended to, we took our leave.

On Thursday last, immediately after the issue of our paper, and whilst sitting cozily in our sanctum, happy in the thought of having "another fight" to record in our next week's issue, a small and neatly arranged packet dropped upon our table without any visible agency in its appearance whatever. Ever since the attempt upon the life of our neighbor Bennett, of the Herald, by means of an infernal machine, we have been very lothe to open small packages, and was about to drop it in a pail of water, to destroy its 'combustibility,' when suddenly a well-known voice, enveloped in a red shirt, exclaimed:

"What in ther h---ll are yer at? that ere's the report."

We saw through it in a moment; there stood Mose, 'laughing to kill,' at the idea of drowning the spirits. He told us he had succeeded in gaining a vast amount of information, and he wanted it printed "Jist as I have writ it." We promised him, and he took his leave. The following is the document, verbatum, et literatum, according to copy.

Dialogue between two great men in the presence of Spirits.

On callin' on the Judge, I was told he was engaged, and could'nt see a feller, but I jist took a pencil and writ on a bit of paper "Mose." "Giv that to him," sis I, "that'll fetch him," and it did. He took me into his private apartment, and, what is most remarkable, for he didn't know nuthin' about what I cum for, he ses, sis he, pointing to the sideboard, "take some *spirits*?" I looked at him, and then at the sideboard, on which was a hull lot of bottles to keep the spirits in. "Don't keer if I do, Judge," ses I "but how did yer know so well what I cum for?" "Oh, Mose," ses he, "I know all you reporters well enough. It's all right. Help yourself." I did. I next said, "Judge, I believe you know a good deal about these here spirits they have in the other world as well as the spirits in this, and I want to have a little talk with yer, jist for greens, cause if you kin git the spirits to tell you things, I guess me and you kin settle sum mighty tough questions what's botherin everybody in York." Well, ses he, "you can depend upon receiving all information you need, from me, through the spirits. So proceed at once." Then commenced the following dialogue between us:

Mose.---Did you ever see spirits?

Judge.---Often; and drank deep of their spiritual repasts.

Mose.--- Do the spirits ever say anything to yer about hell and all that sort o' thing?

Judge.---They consider it a place not to be trifled with, nor to be made light of: they do not believe in it, however, so far as brimstone is concerned, knowing that there are other modes of "burning" folks without the use of sulphur. Even in my official capacity I have had before me many instances of "burning," and yet no *fire* was used.

Mose.---Oh, yes, that was pocket-book dropping, sellin' horses what they didn't own, and all that kind o' cheating. But Judge, that's all done away with—every thing's done on the "safe" principle now, yer know."

Judge---So I have been informed by those interested, who seem to prefer the *change* made by it, but I believe but little in its *safety* myself.

Mose---What do the spirits have to say about this Bronson and Guthrie affair?

Judge.---They say that Bronson, in accepting the office of Collector, did so with the understanding that he knew no *Hards*, no *Softs*; but on taking possession of the Customs, it turned out that he was on the best of terms with the *Hards*, but did not recognize a single *Soft*. The President, knowing that this partiality for the *Hards* would not please the *Softs*, and wishing to perserve peace in the family, had the new Collector turned out; and the spirits further say he was right in doing so.

Mose.---Look a here, Judge, do you think its a fair shake to put a man out of office cause he looks out for his friends?

Judge.—No, Mose, and for the reason that the Secretary was looking out for *his* friends, he should not be censured if he advised Bronson to *look out* of the Custom House.

Mose.---That's a fact, old hoss, but do yer think the President ought to take notice of such small affairs as a Collector?

Judge.---No more than the Collector ought to notice such small affairs as Inspector, &c. Its all the same; you know.

Mose.---But who in the hell would think the President or Mr. Marcy would meddle in sich things at all? It is'nt in their line.

Judge.---Ah, Mose, you had better get on to some other subject, for polities would puzzle the very devil himself.

Mose.---Well, Judge, what do you think of the Maine Liquor Law?

Judge.—In this truly democratic city it can never succeed. In the first place, it is unconstitutional; it is in direct opposition to our republican form of goverment, and is calculated to make drunkards by *wholesale*, for the man who wants liquor, *will* have it, if he is compelled to buy a keg of it at a time. If the poor man was the only one the Maine Law would effect, it would be passed without the least difficulty, but Judges on the Bench, Ministers in the Pulpit, and the whole of the aristocratical and monied influence would feel its effect; they are the ones who can make and unmake laws, and as long as they oppose the Maine Law, just so long will it be useless to attempt to force it upon the people.

Mose.—I'm d—d if that aint a fact, Judge. I met Greeley tother day, and I ses to him, sis I, look a hear, Old Morality, taint no use in you makin' sich a hell of a fuss about the corner groceries as you call 'em, why dont you try to stop some of your ministers from drinkin rum; the last time I took sacrament. I had a first rate pull at the pitcher, and I tell you what, the liquor wasn't bad. Old Morality did'nt say a word; he knowed it was true. But Judge how about that ere ten mile horse race on Tuesday Think everything was on the square? You know the same horses is a goin to trot agin next week. I would'nt keer if yer could jist find out how it's goin to turn out. I would'nt mind bettin a pile on the winnin horse.

Judge.—I've had a conversation with the spirits about the race, and they say everything was cut and dried. Prince the trotter, won the first race, and according to agreement, Hero, the pacer, *will win the next*. You can lay on a good pile, for if Hero got beat so bad the first time, do you suppose his owner would be green enough to risk him again if he did'nt know it was to be a sure thing. Ah, Mose, the way things have been conducted this season on the Turf, is a disgrace to the sporting community.

Mose.—It's a d——n shame, Judge, and after this ten mile race next week, I'm not goin' to bet on horses any more. There's one more question I want to ask you about, and then I'll stop. Who was the cause of the burning of the Henry Clay steamboat?

Judge.—The jury have decided that "no one" is guilty. My opinion, however, is, that the guilty ones have escaped; not through a knowledge of their *innocence*, but through a knowledge of their *money*. It is easier for a campbell to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man *to go through the door of a prison*. Money, Mose, is of far more importance to those in power, than the lives of our fellow citizens. Money, my young friend, can build up a man's character in a single day; or in the same short space of time that filthy lucre, gold, in the hands of men *not* entirely great, can blast the reputation of an honest man, and sink him to the lowest depths of degradation and infamy. Such, my dear young friend, is the power of money on minds susceptible to its pernicious influence. My position in the public walks of life, enabled me to obtain an unerring insight into human nature. I have made it my study, and I have ever found that money will achieve that which a faithful adherence to honesty, morality and correct principles, unsupported by money, can never attain. I will be happy to see you again, and endeavor to enlighten you on such subjects as may enlist your attention.

I then took my leave, promising to return on some future occasion.

Your old friend,

Gallus Mose.

The Skipper's Cabin.

A Talk with our Friends at Home and Abroad.

A correspondent sends us the following:—The story of the countryman and the locomotive, in your Skipper's Cabin last week, reminds me of something similar which came under my own observation. An acquaintance of mine, who had never been in the city, and had never before left his own country home, came to visit the Crystal Police a short time since, and while looking at the gas pipes and the light streaming from them, he *very simply* asked "where in the dickens do they put the *ile*?

* * * * * * *

BRONSON'S LAMENT.

A PARODY.

I was fixed in first-rate style, Marcy,
With my clerks all by my side,
For a few bright days, not long ago,
When the "Customs" were my pride,
The Whigs they all looked very *hard*,
Free Soilers kept quite shy,
While *Soft* the words you spoke, Marcy,
"Bronson, mind your eye!"

The *place* is somewhat *changed*, Marcy,
The *days* are bright as then,
But your voice spoke harshly in my ear,
And I find I'm *Greene* again;
Yet I miss the *soft* clasp of your hand,
While *harder* feels my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
"Bronson, keep your seat."

Tis but a step down Nassau street,
And the *Custom House* stands near,
The House I thought was good. Marcy,
For *nearly four more year*.
But Redfield's voice was *soft*, Marcy,
Whilst mine would *break your rest*,
So you put *me out*, whilst I laid *you down*,
With **50** on your *breast*.

I'm very *lonely* now, Marcy,
For the *outs* make no *new* friends;
But, oh, they love *thee* better, far,
The *ins* their *maker* sends,
The *Port* was all I had, Marcy,
The *Custom House* my pride,
There's little left to care for now,
Since the *Adamantines* died.

I'm bidding you a *short* farewell,
My *Hard Shells*, fond and true,
But I'll still remember *you*, Marcy,
In the *House* I'm going to.
They say the Senate's *higher* than all,
And soon *I'm* going *aloft*;
But I'll not forget old *Marcy*,
Were he fifty times as *soft*.

And often in those fine old halls,
I'll sit and wipe my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again,
Where the *Custom House* still lies.
And I'll think I'm sitting there in style,
With the *Clerks* all by my side,
Like a few bright days, long, long ago,
When the *Port* was all my pride.

* * * * *

One of the women.--A correspondent at Philadelphia writes as follows:—We have in this city a set of fanatics who hold a meeting every Sunday in the lower part of the city, at which all sorts of characters do the preaching. They call themselves the 'Sons and daughters of toil." At one of their meetings a short time since, one of the daughters was holding forth in her usual style, when thinking an outsider was making game of her, she cried out 'that man in the corner is making a d——d fool of himself."

* * * * * * *

Female Accomplishments.----It is proposed to establish in this city an institution, at which the science of making-the-bed-ology, washing-the-dishes-ology and cook-ology may be taught to young ladies and where, after obtaining these accomplishments, they may receive a diploma with the degree of 'F. F. W.'---*fit for wives*.

* * * *

Pretty Good.—Our young friends Bunnell and Price, formerly of 121 Fulton street, were burned out by the fire of Sunday, the 30th ult. One of the firm was writing a letter a day or two since when he remarked that he had been so accustomed to writing 121 Fulton street, that he found it hard to get out of it. 'I rather think,' said a wag standing by, 'that you *did* get out of it quite suddenly.'

* * * *

Affairs of Men.

It is said "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Had the author lived in the present age, and witnessed the tide, not only of men, but of women also, that leads into the great Carpet Warehouse of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, he would have been surprised at the accuracy of the sentenee referred to, for the tide of purchasers is rapidly leading Mr. Anderson on to that fortune which is ever the reward of perseverance, of attention to business, and of strict business habits. A peep at the splendid assortment of Carpetings to be seen at 99 Bowery, and a knowledge of the low prices at which they are sold, will at once convince all that Mr. Anderson's, above all others, is the place to obtain bargains.

Great Success.

The application of the daguerrean art to the embellishment of hats, as first conceived and carried into successful operation by those fashionable hatters, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, has been received with great favor; and as the gentlemen above mentioned are the only hatters who can make use of the improvement, having a patent for the same, it is no wonder that they are so besieged with customers. No additional charge is made for the likeness of purchasers, and as the hats are sold at low prices, it is an object to buy a Daguerrean Hat.

Notice to Sporting Gentry.

Be on the alert to assist in making up the bail for the release of Sullivan. Sullivan and Morrissey men should alike exert themselves. All hands are interested in the matter.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mr. Fudd.---In next week.

I. B. T——n.—Will inquire into it.

John.—Can't say until the "thing" is quieted.

American.—We have heard something about such a challenge having been sent---will inquire, and let you know in our next.

James Mc Carthy.—Won't do at present.

"Ye Battaille of ye Cockes," unavoidably deferred until next week.

Private Malice.

The Sunday Atlas, a political paper of small circulation, without any influence in this city, circulated the following malicious paragraph in its edition of Sunday last:

Yankee Sullivan Arrested.---Yesterday, Judge Edmonds delivered up this notorious bully, under a warrant, to the Governor of Massachusetts, and we hope New York will never be disgraced by his presence again. It ought to be a matter of rejoicing to our citizens, that we have got rid of this brute, and we have great expectations that, being beyond the influence of his rowdy companions, he will be dealt with in Massachusetts as he richly deserves, and become a useful member of the state prison.

Is it just, is it manly, is it honorable, to attempt by such articles to prejudice the authorities of Massachusetts against a man who is entitled by the laws of this country, to a fair and impartial trial? Copies of the paper in question have been sent to Massachusetts, where, perhaps, the article will be copied by the different papers, without an opportunity being afforded of making known the real motives which actuated the writer of the paragrrph in question. Is it natural to suppose that a fair trial will be given Sullivan, when such articles are circulated to his prejudice? We think not. We hope the sporting community will remember the conduct of the Atlas, and take from it their patronage. If the law was carried out in *every* instance, the Atlas would be numbered among the things that were. *Private* malice should never be suffered to influence the conductor of a *public* journal.

The Cold Season.

Winter is fast approaching, and we should prepare to meet it. Chapped hands and rough skin usually follow the advent of cold weather, but when remedies can be procured, it is our duty to use them Nothing can exceed the good effects produced by the use of Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which at once prevents chaps or roughness of the skin, removes freckles and all other disfigurements and imparts blooming appearance to the complexion. So with the Liquid Hair Dye manufactured by Dr. Gouraud---it changes light, grey, and red hair to a beautiful black or brown, without the least injury to the skin. Dr. Gouraud's store is at 67 Walker street, the first from Broadway

Is he "Sum Punkins?"

It used to be asked of applicants for office "Is he honest—is he capable?" Of late, a change has been made, and the question now is "Is he Hard—is he Soft?" Should we succeed in being appointed to the office of Collector of the Port, we intend to drop the above personal interrogatories, and merely ask of applicants, "Is he sum punkins---is he quite the cheese?" Vote for us.

An Apt Teacher.

The Sunday Courier, in an article on bad grammar, &c., says:

Harper's Magazine, which is not very remarkable for its purity of style in grammatical accuracy, is down upon the people who make use of the vile phrase, and it will probably soon go out of date. All clergyman *are* guilty of this offence against grammar, in *there* writings.

The Courier folks should have looked well to their *own* affairs before attempting to instruct others.

Requisition.

Our neighbor of the Daily Times thinks of getting the Governor of New York to send a "requisition" for the arrest of the Governor of New Jersey, on the supposition that he was privy to the race between the Henry Clay and Armenia steamboats, by which "one" individual was killed, and "two" wounded.

P.S.—The "thing" *can* be settled.

TO BALL COMMITTEES.

BALL

CIRCULARS,

Tickets,

AND

Orders of Dancing.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to call the attention of Ball Committees to his magnificent assortment of Fancy Papers and Cards, for Ball Circulars, Tickets and Orders of Dancing, just imported from England, France and Germany, as well as to his large and superb stock of the Choicest American Patterns.

He holds himself in readiness to execute, in the very best manner, at moderate prices, and on the shortest notice, all Commissions from Ball Committees. Being a practical engraver on Copper, Wood and Steel, any designs that may be required can be furnished in the highest style of the arts.

An entirely new and original style of Order of Dancing has been prepared, and pronounced the most tasty thing of the kind ever offered.

All forms of wording for Invitations furnished gratuitously, thereby obviating all trouble to Committees in that particular. Appropriate engravings for Military and Fire Companies, used in printing, also without charge.

Ball Committees are cordially invited to call and inspect the stock of the undersigned before making selections elsewhere.

T. FRERE,
81 Nassau-st, near Fulton, N. Y.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

Eight Spacious Sales Rooms—Wholesale and Retail.

Sales Room No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide

Sales Room No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

Sales Room No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

Salis Room No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

Sales Room No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English Manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

Sales Room No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s., and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold at twenty per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.

N. B—Familes and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb 253m

City Amusements.

The Strangers' Guide.

[Any omissions, alterations, or corrections, in the following list, will be attended to, on the fact being made known at our Office.]

The following list at once points out to strangers and others, the localities of every place of amusement in New-York City, together with the prices of admission, time of opening, and much other useful information, not to be found in any other journal.

Wallack's Theatre.

Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and DressCircle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.

Lessee ..... Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager .... Mr. Lester.
Treasurer ..... Mr. Charles Wallack.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past 7.

The following are the names of the members of the Company:

Mr. Blake, Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham, Mr. Walcot,
Mr. Lysander Thompson, Mr. Dyott,
Mr. Reynolds, Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. H. B. Phillips, Mr. Mr. F. Chippendale,
Mr. Lyster, Mr. Rea,
Mr. Chandler, Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Browne, Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke, Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.
Miss Laura Keene, Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover, Mrs. Browne,
Mrs Esmond, Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Walcot, Miss Norval,
Miss Tayleure Miss Osborne.
Mrs. Blake.

Broadway Theatre.

Broadway, between Pearl and Anthony.
E. A. Marshall, Sole Lessee.
Parquette and Three Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
Parquette and First Tier of Boxes .... 50 cts.
Family and Upper Circles ..... 25 cts.
Admission for colored person in Third Circle ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7, commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr. Barry, Mr. Davidge,
Mr. Conway, Mr. Davenport,
Mr. Whiting, Mr. Lanergan,
Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Sanford,
Mr. Matthews, Mr. Vincent,
Mr. Walters, Mr. Barnard,
Mr. Wright, Mr. Henry,
Mr. Cutler, Mr. Duss,
Mr. McDouall.
Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Henry,
Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Abbott,
Miss A. Gougenheim Miss Portland,
Mrs. Fisk, Miss J. Gougenheim,
Miss Price.

Bowery Theatre.

Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street.
Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery ..... 12½ cts.
Manager, ... E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, ... Mr. Waldron,
Assistant Treasurer, ... F. E. Wemyss.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr E. Eddy, Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn, Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn, Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens, Mr Collins,
Mr Lamb, Mr Stone,
Mr Leffingwell.
Mrs Parker, Mrs Dunn,
Mrs Monell, Miss Hiffert,
Miss Somers.

Burton's Theatre.

Chamber's-Street, opposite the Park.
Manager ..... Mr. W. E. Burton.
Parquette, First and Second circle of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr Burton, Mr Holland,
Russell, T. Johnson,
Jordan, Barrett,
Norton, Fisher,
Andrews, Radcliff,
Levere, Moore,
Mrs Buckland, Mrs Hughes,
Burton, Brunton,
Cooke, Hough,
Miss Julia Melby, Miss Raymond,

German National Theatre.

Nos. 17 and 19 Bowery.
F. Kruger and E. Haman Manager and Proprietor.
Doors open at 7,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission—Parquette, and First tier 50 cts.
Parterre ..... 25 cts,

National Theatre.

Chatham-Street, between Rosevelt and James.
Manager ..... Mr Purdy
Dress Circle and Boxes ..... 25 cts.
Pit ..... 12½ cts.
Parquette for colored people ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7½,—commence at 8 o'clock.

Company:

Mr. Prior, Mr. J. Lingard,
G. L. Fox, H. Stone,
N. B. Clarke, Diamond
Siple, L. Fox,
Toulmin, Herbert,
Rose, Mack,
McDonnell, Daymond,
Lyons, Mitchell,
Cline, Smith,
Master Murray.
Mrs. G. C. Howard, Mrs. W. G. Junes,
Bannister, Bradshaw.
Miss Lingard, Sanders,
Barber, Cordelia Howard.

Niblo's Garden.

Broadway and Prince-Streets.
Proprietor ..... Mr. Niblo.
Parquette and Two Tiers of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts
Doors open at 7,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Operatic performances, by the Italian Company of Max Maretzek.
Pantommes by the Ravel Family.

Hippodrome.

Junction of Broadway and 5th Avenue.
Doors open at 2½ in the afternoon, and 7 o'clock in the Evening.
Performances commence at 2 P. M. and quarter before 8 P. M.
Admission $1; 50 cts.; and 25 cts.
Equestrian Performances.

Washington Circus.

Corner of 30th Street and 6th Avenue.
Moore, Thompson and Mann, Proprietors.
Doors open at 2 in the afternoon and 7 in the evening.
Performances commence at 3 and 7½ P. M.
Admission to all parts of the house 25 cts.
Equestrian and other performances.

Castle Garden.

At the Battery.
Manager ..... M. Jullien.
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission—Balcony ..... 50 cts.
Promenade ..... 25 cts.
Instrumental and Vocal Concerts.

Wonderful Woman,

Weighing 764 pounds, exhibiting at 410 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25 cts.

Museum of Egyptian Antiquities,

Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25 cts.
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Gallery of Christian Art,

Paintings by the most celebrated Italian, Spanish, French and Flemish masters,
843 Broadway, near Union Park.
Admission 25cts
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Signor Blitz,

The Wonderful Magician,
And the Learned Canary Birds,
659 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25cts.

Panorama of Niagara.

Hope Chapel, No. 718 Broadway.
Panorama moves at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.
Admission, 50 cts; children, 25 cts.

Seven Mile Mirror.

Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway.
Tickets of Admission $1
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

European Magician,

Saloon of Chinese Buildings.
Admission ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Banvard's Georama,

Egypt, Petræa, and the Land of Eden.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Barnum's Museum,

Broadway and Ann streets.
P. T. Barnum ..... Proprietor
Exhibition of Curiosities and Theatrical Representations.
Admission 37 1-2 and 25 cts. Open day and evening.

Spiritual Manifestations,

No. 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard.
Communications from Spirits every afternoon from 3 to 6; evening, from 7 1-2 to 10 o'clock.
Admission ..... 25 cts.

Rheinish Belgian Gallery,

No. 663 Broadway.

Battle of New Orleans,

National Painting,
Sixth Avenue, opposite Crystal Palace.
Admission ..... 25 cts.
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Wood's Minstrels,

No. 444 Broadway.
H. Wood ..... Manager and Proprietor.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Ethiopian Burlesques.

Company.

Mr. Campbell, Mr. J A Herman,
S A Wells, D Bryant,
J Bryant, T F Briggs,
L Myer, H M Williams,
C. Grahame Hernandez.

White's Minstrels.

Melodeon, 53 Bowery.
White & Emmet ..... Proprietors.
Admission ..... 12 1-2 and 6 1-4 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8.
Negro Comicalities.

Christy's Minstrels,

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand,
E. P. Christy ..... Manager and Proprietor
Admission ..... 25 cts
Ethiopian Delineations.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.
Buckley ..... Proprietor
R. Bishop Buckley ..... Musical Director
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Lee's Minstrels.

Franklin Museum, 175 Chatham Square.
George Lee

DUCK-SHOOTING ADVENTURE UPON THE CHESAPEAKE.

Staying for some days at the house of a planter near the mouth of a small river that runs into the Chesapeake, I felt inclined to have a shot at the far-famed canvas-backs. I had often eaten of these birds, but had never shot one, or even seen them in their natural habitat. I was therefore anxious to try my hand upon them, and accordingly set out one morning for the purpose. My friend lived upon the bank of the river, some distance above tide-water. As the wild celery grows only in brackish water---that is, neither in the salt sea itself nor yet in the fresh water rivers---I had to pass down the little stream a mile or more before I came to the proper place for finding the ducks. I went in a small skiff, with no other companion than an ill-favored cur dog, with which I had been furnished, and which was represented to me as one of the best duck-dogs in the country. My friend, having business elsewhere, unfortunately could not upon that day give me his company; but I knew something of the place, and being *au fait* in most of the dodges of duck-hunting, I fancied I was quite able to take care of myself.

Floating and rowing by turns, I soon came in sight of the bay and the wild-celery fields, and also of flocks of water fowl of different species, among which I could recognize the pochards, the canvas-backs, and the common American widgeon (*Anas Americana*). Seeking a convenient place near the mouth of the stream, I landed; and, tying the skiff to some weed, proceeded in search of a cover. This was soon found---some bushes favored me; and, having taken position, I set the dog to his work. The brute, however, took but little notice of my words and gestures of encouragement. I fancied that he had a wild and frightened look, but I attributed this to my being partially a stranger to him, and was in hopes that as soon as we became acquainted, he would work in a different manner. I was disappointed, however, as do what I might, he would not go near the water, nor would he perform the trick of running to and fro, which I had been assured by my friend he would be certain to do. On the contrary, he cowered among the bushes, near where I had stationed myself, and seemed unwilling to move out of them. Two or three times, when I dragged him forward, and motioned him toward the water, he rushed back again, and ran under the brushwood.

I was exceedingly provoked with this conduct of the dog, the more so that a flock of canvas-backs, consisting of several thousands, was seated upon the water not more than half a mile from the shore Had my dog done his duty, I have no doubt but they might have been brought within range; and, calculating upon this, I had made sure of a noble shot. My expectations, however, were defeated by the waywardness of the dog, and I saw there was no hope of doing anything with him. Having arrived at this conclusion, after some hours spent to no purpose, I rose from my cover and marched back to the skiff. I did not even motion the wretched cur to follow me, and I should have rowed off without him, risking the chances of my friend's displeasure, but it pleased the animal himself to trot after me without an invitation, and, on arriving at the boat, to leap voluntarily into it. I was really so provoked with the brute that I felt much inclined to pitch him out again. My vexation, however, gradually left me; and I stood up in the skiff, turning over in my mind what course I should pursue next.

I looked towards the flock of canvas-backs. It was a tantalizing sight. They sat upon the water as light as a cork, and as close together as sportsmen could desire for a shot. A well-aimed discharge could not have failed to kill a score of them at least. Was there no way of approaching them? This question I had put to myself for the twentieth time at least, without being able to answer it to my satisfaction.

An idea at length flitted across my brain. I had often approached common mallards by concealing my boat under branches of furze, and then floating down upon them, impelled either by the wind or the current of a stream. Might not this also succeed with the canvas-back? I resolved upon making the experiment. The flock was in a position to enable me to do so. They were to the leeward of a sedge of the *vallisneria*. The wind would carry my skiff through this; and the green bushes with which I intended to disguise it would not be distinguished from the sedge, which was also green. The thing was feasible. I deemed it so. I set about cutting some leafy branches that grew near, and tying them along the gunwales of my little craft. In less than half an hour, I pushed her from the shore, and no one at a distance would have taken her for aught else than a floating raft of brushwood.

I now pulled quietly out until I had got exactly to the windward of the ducks, at about half a mile's distance from the edge of the flock. I then took in the paddles, and permitted the skiff to glide before the wind. I took the precaution to place myself in such a manner that I was completely hidden while through the branches I commanded a view of the surface on any side I might wish to look. The bushes acted as a sail, and I was soon drifted down among the plants of the wild celery. I feared that this might stay my progress as the breeze was light, and might not carry me through. But the sward, contrary to what is usual, was thin at the place where the skiff had entered, and I felt to my satisfaction that I was moving, though slowly, in the right direction. I remember that the heat annoyed me at the time. It was the month of November; but it was that peculiar season known in America as "Indian summer;" and the heat was excessive—not under 90 degrees, I am certain. The shrubbery that encircled me prevented a breath of air from reaching my body; and the rays of the noon-day sun fell almost vertically in that southern latitude, scorching me as I lay along the bottom of the boat. Under other circumstances I should not have liked to undergo such a roasting; but with the prospect of a fine shot before me, I endured it as best as I could.

The skiff was nearly an hour pushing its way through the field of *vallisneria*, and once or twice it remained for a considerable time motionless. A strong breeze, however, would spring up, and then the sound of the reeds rubbing the side of the boat would gratefully admonish us that I was again moving ahead. I saw, at length, to my gratification, that I was approaching the selvage of the sedge, and, morover, that the flock was moveing, as it were, to meet me! Many of the birds were diving and feeding in the direction of the skiff. I lay watching them with interest. I saw that the canvas backs were accompanied by another species of a very different color from themselves: this was the American widgeon. It was a curious sight to witness the constant warfare that was carried on between these two species of birds. The widgeon is but a poor diver, while the canvas-back is one of the very best. The widgeon, however, is equally fond of the roots of the wild celery with his congener; but he has no means of obtaing them except by robbing the latter. Being a smaller and less powerful bird, he is not able to do this openly; and it was curious to observe the means by which he effected his purpose. It was as follows: When the canvas-back descends, he must perforce remain some moments under the water. It requires time to seize hold of the plant, and pluck it by the roots. In consequence of this, he usually reaches the surface in a state of half-blindness, holding the lucious morsel in his bill. The widgeon has observed him going down, and calculating to a nicety the spot where he will re-appear, seats himself in readiness. The moment the other emerges, and before he can fully recover his sight or senses, the active spoilater makes a dash, seizes the celery in his hornymandibles, and makes off with it as fastas his webbed feet can propel him. The canvas-kack, although chagrined at being plundered in this impudent manner, knows that pursuit would be idle, and, settiugthe root down at lost, draws a fresh breath, and dives for another. I noticed in the flock the continual occurrence of such scenes.

A third species of birds drew my attention: these are the pochards, or as they are termed by the gunners of the Chesapeake, red-heads (*Fuligulerythrocephalus*). These creatures bear a very great resemblance to the canvas-backs, and can hardly be distinguished except by their bills; those of the former being concave along the upper surface, while the bills of the canvas-backs exhibit a nearly straight line. I saw that the pochards did not interfere with either of the other species, contenting themselves with feeding upon what neither of the others cared for—the green leaves of the *vallisneria*, which, after being stripped of their roots, were floating in quantities on the surface of the water. Yet these pochards are almost as much prized for the table as their cousins, the canvas-backs, and indeed, they are often put off for the latter by the poulterers of New York and Philadelphia. Those who would buy a real canvas-back should know something of natural history. The form and color of the bill would serve as a criterion to prevent their being deceived. In the pochard the bill is of a bluish color; that of the canvas-back is dark green: moreover, the eye of the pochard is yellow, while that of his congener is fiery red.

These thoughts were banished from my mind on perceiving that I had at last drifted within range of a thick clump of the ducks. Nothing now remained but to poke my gun noiselessly through the bushes, set the cocks of both barrels, take aim, and fire. It was my intention to follow the usual plan---that is, fire one barrel at the birds while sitting, and give them the second as they rose upon the wing. This intention was carried out the moment after, and I had the gratification of seeing some fifteen or twenty ducks strewed over the water, at my service. The rest of the flock rose into the heavens, and the clapping of their wings filled the air with a noise that resembled thunder. I say that there appeared to have been fifteen or twenty killed; how many I never knew: I never laid my hands upon a single bird of them. I became differently occupied, and with a matter that soon drove canvas-backs, and widgeons, and pochards, as clean out of my head, as if no such creatures had ever existed.

While drifting though the sedge, my attention had several times been attracted by what appeared to be strange conduct on the part of my canine companion. He lay cowering in the bottom of the boat near the bow, and half covered with the bushes: but every now and then he would start to his feet, look wildly around, utter a strange whimpering, and then resume his crouching attitude. I noticed, moreover, that at intervals he trembled as if he was about to shake out his teeth. All this had caused me wonder—nothing more. I was too much occupied in watching the game to speculate upon causes; I believed, if I formed any belief on the subject, that these manoeuvres were caused by fear; that the cur had never been to sea, and that he was now either sea-sick or sea-scared. This explanation had hitherto satisfied me, and I had thought no more upon the matter I had scarcely delivered my second barrel, however, when my attention was anew attracted to the dog; and this time was so arrested, that in one half-second I thought of nothing else. The animal had arisen, and stood within three feet of me, whining hideously. His eyes glared upon me with a wild and unnatural expression, his tongue lolled out, and saliva fell copiously from his lips. *The dog was mad!*

I saw that the dog was mad, as certainly as I saw the dog. I had seen mad dogs before, and knew the symptoms well. It was hydrophobia of the most dangerous character. Fear, quick and sudden, came over me. Fear is a tame word; horror I should call it; and the phrase would not be too strong to express my sensations at that moment. I knew myself to be in a situation of extreme peril, and I saw not the way out of it. Death—death painful and horrid—appeared to be nigh, appeared to confront me, glaring from out the eyes of the hideous brute.

Instinct had caused me to put myself in an attitude of defence. My first instinct was a false one. I raised my gun, at the same moment manipulating the lock with the design or cocking her. In the confusion of terror, I had even forgotten that both barrels were empty, that I had just scattered their contents in the sea. I thought of reloading, out a movement of the dog towards me showed that that would be a dangerous experiment; and a third thought of instinct driected me to turn the piece in my hand, and defend myself, if necessary, with the butt. This instinct was instantly obeyed, and in a second's time I held the piece clubbed and ready to strike. I had retreated backward until I stood in the stern of the skiff. The dog had hitherto lain close up to the bow, but, after the shots, he had sprung up and taken a position near the centre of the boat. In fact, he had been within biting distance of me before I had noticed his madness. The position into which I had half involuntarily thrown myself, offered me but a trifling security.

Any one who has ever rowed an American skiff will remember that these little vessels are "crank" to an extreme degree. Although boat-shaped above, they are without keels, and a rude step will turn them bottom upward in an instant. Even to stand upright in them requires careful balancing; but to fight a mad dog in one without being bitten, would require the skill and adroitness of an acrobat. With all my caution, as I half stood, half crouched in the stern, the skiff rocked from side to side, and I was in danger of being pitched out. Should the dog spring at me, I knew that any violent exertion to fend him off would either cause me to be precipitated into the water or would upset the boat---a still more dreadful alternative. These thoughts did not occupy half the time I have taken to describe them. Short, however, as that time was in actual duration, to me it seemed long enough, for the dog still held a threatening attitude, his forepaws resting upon one of the seats, while his eyes continued to glare upon me with a wild and uncertain expression.

I remained for some moments in fearful suspense. I was half paralyzed with terror, and uncertain what action it would be best to take. I feared that any movement would attract the fierce animal, and be the signal for him to spring upon me. I thought of jumping out of the skiff into the water. I could not wade in it. It was shallow enough—not over five feet in depth, but the bottom appeared to be of soft mud. I might sink another foot in the mud. No: I could not have waded. The idea was dismissed. To swim to the shore? I glanced sideways in that direction: it was nearly half a mile distant. I could never reach it, cumbered with my clothes. To have stripped these off, would have tempted the attack. Even could I have done so, might not the dog follow, and seize me in the water? A horrible thought!

I abandoned all hope of escape, at least that might arise from any active measures on my part. I could do nothing to save myself; my only hope lay in passively awaiting the result. Impressed with this idea, I remained motionless as a statue; I moved neither hand nor foot from the attitude I had first assumed; I scarcely permitted myself to breathe, so much did I dread attracting the further attention of my terrible companion, and uninterrupting the neutrality that existed.

For some moments---they seem hours ---this state of affairs continued. The dog still stood up with his forepaws upon the bench; the oars were among his feet. In this position he remained, gazing wildly, though it did not appear to me steadily, in my face. Several times I thought he was about to spring on me; and, although I carefully avoided making any movement, I instinctively grasped my gun with a firmer hold. To add to my embarrassment, I saw that I was drifting *seaward!* The wind was from the shore; it was impelling the boat with considerable velocity, in consequence of the mass of bushes acting as sails. Already it had cleared the sedge, and was floating out in open water. To my dismay, at less than a miles's distance, I described a line of breakers! A side-glance was sufficient to convince me, that, unless the skiff was checked, she would drift upon these in the space of ten minutes. A fearful alternative now presented itself; I must either drive the dog from the oars, or allow the skiff to be swamped among the breakers. The latter would be certain death, the former offered a chance for life; and, nerving myself with the palpable necessary for action, I instantly resolved to make the attack.

Whether the dog had read my intention in my eyes, or observed my fingers taking a firmer clutch of my gun, I know not, but at this moment he seemed to evince sudden fear, and, dropping down from the seat he ran backward to the bow, and cowered down as before. My first impulse was to get hold of the oars, for the roar of the breakers already filled my ears. A better idea suggested itself immediately after, and that was to load my gun. This was a delicate business, but I set about it with all the caution I could command. I kept my eyes fixed upon the animal, and *felt* the powder, the wadding, and the shot, into the muzzle. I succeeded in loading one barrel, and fixing the cap. As I had now something upon which I could rely, I proceeded with more confidence, and loaded the second barrel with greater care, the dog eyeing me all the while. Had madness not obscured his intelligence, he would no doubt have interrupted my manipulations; as it was, he remained still until both barrels were loaded, capped, and cocked. I had no time to spare; the breakers were nigh; their hoarse "sough" warned me of their perilous proximity; a minute more and the little skiff would be dancing among them like a shell or sunk forever. Not a moment was to be lost, and yet I had to proceed with caution. I dared not raise the gun to my shoulder---I dared not glance along the barrels, the manœuvre might rouse the dangerous brute. I held the piece low slanting along my thighs, I guided the barrels with my mind, and, feeling the direction to be true, I fired. I scarcely heard the report, on account of the roaring of the sea, but I saw the dog roll over, kicking violently. I saw a livid patch over his ribs, where the shot had entered in a clump. This would have no doubt proved sufficient; but, to make sure, I raised my gun to my shoulder, took aim, and sent the contents of the second barrel through the ribs of the miserable brute. His kicking ended almost instantly, and he lay dead in the bottom of the boat.

I dropped my gun and flew to the oars; it was a close "shave;" the skiff was already in white water, and dancing like a feather, but with a few strokes I succeeded in backing her out, and, then heading her away from the breakers, I pulled in a direct line for the shore. I thought not of my canvas-backs-- they had floated, by this time, I neither knew nor cared whither; the sharks might have them for me. My only care was to get away from the scene as quickly as possible, determined never again to go duck-shooting with a cur for my companion.

Accident in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

On Tuesday last, a young man named Scott, one of the attendants of the Zoological Society's Garden's, Regent's Park, was brought to University College Hospital to be treated for a severe wound in the left thigh, which had been caused by one of the animals. It appears that the gardens have lately been enriched by the addition of a singular specimen of the antelope genus, for which an English name has not yet been coined. Scott is an attendant in the quadruped department, and on going into the domicile of the animal, which appeared perfectly tame, he was pursuing his usual work, when, in passing before it, he was most unexpectedly alarmed by seeing it run full tilt at him, and making a charge with its powerful antlers, hastily caught him on one of the points by the inside of the left thigh, jerking him with the most apparent ease about ten or twelve feet over his head into the air. Upon falling the whole scene being observed, but enacted too suddenly for prevention, assistance came to his aid and he was conveyed to the above hospital. At the time he fell the wound was bleeding rather profusely, and on being examined by the medical officers of the institution, it was found that the femoral artery had narrowly escaped. The wound was dressed, and he is now going on favorably.

Ascent of Mount St. Helens in Oregon.

Our progress through the dense forest was necessarily slow and tedious. At one point one of our pack horses rolled down a steep precipice for several rods, where it would seem impossible for an animal, in doing so, to escape instant death. But upon releasing him from his burden, and assisting him to rise, we found that he was not seriously hurt---our camp and cooking utensils appeared to suffer more injury than the horse.

On the second day further progress with horses was found impracticable. Upon looking around we fortunately found a small patch of grass and camped. The next morning at break of day Messrs. Wilson, Smith, Drew, and ourself, took three days' rations, together with such things as were deemed necessary to aid us in the ascent, and left the camp for the summit distant about four miles in an air line. We found the route a continual steep ascent, with the exception of an occasional descent over a precipitant ledge of rocks. About two miles from our camp we descended a high ledge to the bed of a small stream, which we followed until we struck the lava or the foot of the bare mountain—where vegetation ceases to make its appearance. The portion of this stream which we travelled has a fall of at least one thousand feet to the mile, and a much greater one higher up.

The appearance of the mountain upon a near approach is sublimely grand, and impossible to describe. The blackened piles of lava which were thrown into ridges hundreds of feet high in every imaginary shape, with an occasional high cliff of primitive formation, seeming to lift its head above and struggle to be released from its compressed position, impress the mind of the beholder with the power of Omnipotence, and the insignificance of human power when compared with nature's God. Above all stands a tower of eternal rock and snow apparently stretching its high head far above the clouds and looking down with distain on all beneath. The glaring sun beams upon the "snows of a thousand winters" serve by contrast to make the immense piles of lava appear blacker than they otherwise would.

We commenced the ascent at once on the south side, by climbing up the cliffs of lava towards a small cluster of fruit trees which stand a short distance from the line of perpetual snow. After several hours' hard toil we reached this point, and finding a few sticks of dry wood, kindled a fire and made our camp for the night. We here supplied ourselves with water by melting snow. We found the night cold and extremely uncomfortable—our party did not find much repose, and as the eastern sky commenced to show the approach of day, we left the camp and pursued our way upward. The higher we ascended the more difficult our progress. Suffice it to say, that, by constant and perseverying effort, we were enabled to reach the highest pinnacle of the mountain soon after meridian. The atmosphere produced a singular effect upon all the party; each face looked pale and sallow, and all complained of a strange ringing in the ears. It appeared as if there were hundreds of fine toned bells jingling all around us. Blood started from our nose, and all of us found respiration difficult. With this exception we all felt well. It would be futile to attempt to give our readers a correct idea of the appearance of the vast extent of country visible from the top of this mountain. The ocean, distant over one hundred miles, was plainly seen. The whole Coast and Cascade ranges of mountains could be plainly traced with the naked eye. The snow covered peaks of Mrs. Hood, Rainier, and two others seemed close by. These form a sort of aphitheatre of a large scale, diversified with hills and valleys.

The crater has been represented to be on the south-west side of the mountain, which is not the case. We took the bearing from the top with a compass, and found it to be on the north-east side. The smoke was continually issuing from its mouth, giving unmistakable evidence that the fire was not extinguished. There is much more snow on the north than on the south side; on the latter it is bare in spots, while on the former it is hundreds of feet deep. We examined fissures in the snow several rods across, which extend a great length along the side of the mountain; and on throwing a stone down, heard it strike a long distance from us.

After spending a sufficient time to see what was to be seen, and building a pyramid of loose stones on the highest spot of level earth and ashes, we commenced our descent, and reached our camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, tired and worn out in body and boots. At dark we reached the timber, and camped for the night. The next morning we left our encampment on the mountain for home, which we reached in four days.

There is but little good tillage land on the route we traversed. We passed two very good prairies of sufficient extent for several claims on each, but with these exceptions, and an occasional small tract of bottom-land, we saw nothing inviting to an agriculturist. The timber is large, and stands very thick until near the mountain, where it becomes more scrubby. In cutting our names upon trees near the snow line we found the bark on the spruce fully an inch in thickness, while on the low lands it was scarcely one-fourth as thick.

We have only to add we were fully satisfied with our trip, and are willing hereafter to let others explore mountains; while we will devote our time to matters requiring less labor, and frought with more of the comforts of life, than we have experienced in the trip to the top of Mount St. Helens!

CRICKET AT PHILADELPHIA.

Washington Club vs. American Gentleman's Club.

This match was played at Philadelphia last week, on the ground of the Washington Club at Kensington. The American Gentlemen's Club were allowed two players, and yet lost the game. They were the firs', some years ago, to establish a Club in this country of native born members, and have some good players among them now. Wister, Kuhn and Richards are good batters—Barlow and Senior good bowlers. The Washington men, as usual, played well. Crosby's bowling was beautiful, while the two Hawthornes, Vallance, and Bradshaw shone at the bat. The weather was delightful, and after the game the players were handsomely entertained at the house of W. M. Bradshaw, the veteran father of Cricketing in Philadelphia, who spread out a splendid table of eatables for the competitors. After dinner many suitable remarks were made with appropriate toasts and songs, especially the Cricket Song of Mr. Bradshaw's, which cannot be improved upon. It was here stated that a ground is secured, and operations will commence immediately, to have it ready early next spring, under the superintendence of W. M. Bradshaw; then the "glove" will be thrown and we shall see who will be the first in New York to take it up. The following is the score of the game.

WASHINGTON CLUB.

	1st Innings.
H. Hawthorne, hit wicket	19
G. Hawthorne, b. Barlow	0
Vallance, C. Senior, b. Wister	12
Wilby, b. Senior	0
Crosby, b. Senior	0
Jarvis, b. Senior	0
Bradshaw, b. Senior	9
Mooney, not out	4
Holland, b. Barlow	0
Kitchenman, leg before wicket	0
Candelett, st Senior	0
Byes	15
Wide Balls	7
Leg Byes	2
Total	74
	2d Innings
H. Hawthorne, b. Senior	4
G. Hawthorne, run out	12
Vallance, not out	4
Wilby, b. Osborn	3
Crosby, c. and b. Barlow	1
Jarvis, b. Barlow	9
Bradshaw, run out	4
Mooney, b. Barlow	3
Holland, b. Senior	1
Kitchenman, run out	2
Candelett, b. Kuhn	0
Byes	7
Wide Balls	4
Leg Byes	0
Total	45

AMERICAN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB.

	1st Innings
W. Wister, b. Wilby	4
J. Wister, leg bef. wicket	1
Richards, b. Wilby	1
Senior b. Crosby	0
Barlow, b. Crosby	4
Lewis, b. Wilby	1
Kuhn, not out	7
McMurtric, c. Mooney, b. Wilby	2
Osborne, b, Crosby	0
Leaming, b. Wilby	1
Harding, c. Mooney, b. Wilby	1
Byes	1
Wide Balls	2
No Ball	1
Total	26
	2d Innings.
W. Wister, not out	1
J. Wister, b. Bradshaw	1
Richards, b. Bradshaw	11
Senior, b. Crosby	4
Barlow, leg bef. w. b. Bradshaw	6
Lewis, b. Crosby	0
Kuhn, run out	0
McMurtric, b. Crosby	3
Osborne, b. Bradshaw	0
Leaming, b. Bradshaw	2
Harding, b. Crosby	0
Byes	1
Wide Balls	3
Total	32
	Total both Innings.
Washington Club	119
American Gentlemen's Club	58

SALE OF HORSES AT SPRINGFIELD.

On Saturday, at Springfield, after the closing of the National Horse Show, a number of the animals were sold. We compile the following list from the "Republican":—

George Washington, a large 3 yr. old colt, by Cassius M. Clay, and very fast—sold to P. Crispell, of New York, for	$550
White Mary, the dam of Cassius M. Clay—Mr. Britton	400
White Mary's colt, 6 months old--P. Crispell	150
American Eagle, stallioh, a large and splendid horse, raised at Flushing, L. I.—D. E. Bolton, of Coburg, Canada	1450
Sable Sisters, pair black mares---A. B. Atherton,	550
Champion, a large iron-gray English stallion from Canada---Col. J. M. Thompson, of Springfield,	300
Dante, a b. g. from New Haven---A. L. Devins, of Ware,	130
Young Quebec, gelding--- Adams & Co.,	200
Topsy, thorough bred stallion---C. S. West,	775
Hambletonian Morgan, stallion---J. M. Thompson & Co., Springfigeld,	255
Black Lion, stallion---David M. King,	195
Black Ranger, gelding—D. E. Bolton,	250
Grey, gelding—-Harvey Foster. Springfield,	200
Jenny Lind, a thorough bred mare from Cornwall, Vt.----Capt. Newman, Vt.,	300
Bay, gelding---Mr. Johnson,	175
Robert, b. g.---D. H. Ferris, New York,	225
Silver-tailed mare--A. Raynold, of Delaware,	180
Sir. Henry, gelding—L. Williams	125
Pair bay geldings---H. A. Matteson,	450
Pair Arabian horses---George Johnson, of Albany,	350
George Washington, a Morgan stallion from Suffield, Ct.—John Manners,	200

Several animals changed hands during the Exhibition at private sale, and some at good prices. Francis Twitchell, of Petersham, sold his grey gelding to a gentleman of New York, for $600.

The New York Clipper.

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the
OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms, viz., 6 cents per line for the first insertion, and 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. The CLIPPER will afford a desirable medium for the circulation of sporting and other advertisements, as its immense patronage secures its perusal by 50,000 readers.

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The Amusement Department, embracing the Opera, Theatricals, Exhibitions, &c., &c., will be under the direction of a gentleman every way qualified for that duty. Our reports will be correct, and such as may be depended upon for truthfulness.

In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor, to render the NEW YORK CLIPPER one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

Communications on business should be addressed to the proprietor, and those for the editorial department to the editor. Either of our Wholesale Agents will receive and deliver into our hands all communications addressed to us. Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

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150 Fulton Street, N. Y.

State of New York.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Albany, August 18, 1853

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK Sir:—Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in the State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State in the place of Henry S. Randall.

A Comptroller in the place of John C. Wright.

An attorney General in the place of Levi S. Chatfield.

A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William J McAlpine.

A State Treasurer, in the place of Benjamin Welch, Junior.

A Canal Commissioner in the place of John C. Mather.

A State Prison Inspector, in the place of William P. Angel.

Two Judges of the Court of Appeals—one in the place of Charles H. Ruggles, and one in the place of Hiram Denia, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Freeborn G. Jewitt.

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals in the place o Charles S. Benton.

All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next, except that of Freeborn G. Jewitt, which will expire on the last day of December, 1857.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial District, in the place of John W. Edmonds, whose term of office will expire on the first day of December next.

Also four Senators for the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Senate Districts, in the place of William McMurray, Obadiah Newcombe, James W. Beekman. and Edwin D. Morgan, whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

Sixteen Members of Assembly.

Two Justices of the Superior Court in the place of John Duer, and Robert Emmett.

A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in th place of Charles P. Daly.

A District Attorney in the place of N. Bowditch Blunt.

Two Governors of the Alms-House, in the place of Richard S. Williams and Isaac Town send.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY S. RANDALL,
Secretary of State.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JOHN ORSER,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. i. chap. 9, title 3, part 1st, page 146.

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bud, in Orchard street, New York,

For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

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